

*Doctor*

WHOO

THE SCRIPTS

THE TALONS OF WENG-CHIANG

ROBERT HOLMES

Edited by John McElroy

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TITAN  BOOKS



# LONDON IN THE 1880s...

A master of illusion and hypnotism performing in a Victorian music hall. A ventriloquist's dummy that can kill. A masker figure desperately searching for something not of this time. The Doctor and his companion Leela are soon embroiled in another perilous adventure.

Read for the first time the complete script of this classic Doctor Who story together with never-before published background and technical information.

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**DOCTOR WHO *THE SCRIPTS: THE TALONS OF WENG-CHIANG***

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# Contents

[Background](#)

[Cast](#)

[Production Details](#)

[Production Credits](#)

[Episode One](#)

[Episode Two](#)

[Episode Three](#)

[Episode Four](#)

[Episode Five](#)

[Episode Six](#)

# BACKGROUND

*The Talons of Weng-Chiang* marked the end of what some have termed the ‘Golden Age’ of *Doctor Who*. This was the last story to feature the combined talents of Producer Philip Hinchcliffe and Script Editor Robert Holmes.

As producer of the programme, Hinchcliffe had developed a distinctive style. Under his direction, hard-hitting stories had replaced the purely escapist, light-weight, sci-fi romps of previous seasons. Though they still had strong elements of science fiction, the new stories tended to pull few punches and, on occasion, had even provoked strong criticism from Mary Whitehouse’s National Viewers and Listeners Association.

Devotees of *Doctor Who* would argue that because the violence depicted on-screen was fantasy based it could not be compared to the more ‘realistic’ violence of the many ‘cop’ shows of the time which had also attracted much attention from the critics. Unfortunately, Mary Whitehouse and company were not convinced by this argument. Following the departure of Hinchcliffe and Holmes, these elements were considerably toned down.

For their last story together, the final one in the fourteenth season, Holmes took on the task of writing the story himself, using an idea by Robert Banks Stewart, who had contributed two stories to the previous season of *Doctor Who* - *Terror of the Zygons* and *The Seeds of Doom*.

The story’s setting was fog-enshrouded Victorian London, much loved by the BBC for its many successful period dramas. With a setting so steeped in mystery and intrigue, it would have been hard for the story to fail. Indeed, due to the combination of Robert Holmes’s superb writing skills with a fine cast, the story not only succeeded but succeeded magnificently.

The author’s style shines forth in this story. He toys with the language of the period, seeming to relish practically every word, especially those of characters like the rogueish Henry Gordon Jago and Professor Litefoot, who typify Holmes’s habit of using two main figures to carry a large part of the dialogue.

The character of Henry Jago is a comic interpretation of the Master of Ceremonies played by Leonard Sachs in the BBC’s own long-running recreation of Victorian music hall, *The Good Old Days*. Full of long words which mean little, in the hands of Holmes and the actor Christopher Benjamin who played Jago, the character is a joy to behold; a rogue, perhaps, but loveable nevertheless. At first he seems a blustering coward but, when it comes to the crunch, he is not afraid to admit his fears.

That other caricature, Professor George Litefoot, is the sterling embodiment of all that is most correct in Victorian values. As a perfect gentleman, he must refrain from talking of evil deeds in the presence of the fairer sex; moreover, his manners compel him to abandon knife, fork and plate, to grab a joint of meat in imitation of Leela’s method of eating. Despite this, Litefoot is no fool and soon realises that there is something rather special about the Doctor.

After *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* was first broadcast, there were tentative plans to launch a ‘spin-off’ series based on the adventures of Jago and Litefoot. It is not known how seriously this was considered, or how near such a series actually came to being made but, on reflection, perhaps the two characters are best remembered as being the pair of splendid foils that they are in *Talons*. After all, what adventure could compare with the one they had with the Doctor?

Just as Litefoot’s Victorian rectitude no longer has a place in today’s world so, too, much of the humour in *Talons* arises from anachronism. To the viewer, there may even be a feeling almost of

superiority in watching Leela (like Katarina, Jamie or Victoria before her) having problems with things we consider quite ordinary, and Holmes exploits this for comic ends. Leela is disturbed by Litefoot's pipe, she is wary of a fog-horn and doesn't know how to drink tea. This is appositely juxtaposed with the fact that she is quite prepared to torture a Chinaman in police custody and even more prepared to fight the enemy, to the distinct disadvantage of the story's monstrous villain, Greel.

Author Robert Holmes has clearly evoked the era of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's famous fictional detective, Sherlock Holmes, whose surname, coincidentally, he shares. In *Talons*, the Doctor dresses himself in deerstalker and cape, and Leela, Litefoot and Jago all take turns at playing Watson to the Doctor's detective. Also invoked are the grisly real-life murders of the notorious Jack-the-Ripper. Although the actual killings of a series of prostitutes in the Whitechapel area of London in the late 1880s were far too horrific to be included in what is, after all, a programme intended for a family audience, they are alluded to nonetheless. A couple of references are made to the fact that eight or nine women have already disappeared. At a point in Episode One, Casey specifically mentions 'Jolly Jack,' or 'The Ripper'; and in Episode Three Teresa is clearly described as a 'lady of the night'.

*The Talons of Weng-Chiang* is another of those stories where the Doctor and his companion stumble into a situation without realising who or what their foe is, until quite late in the story. Comparisons may be made between this and an earlier story in the same season, *Deadly Assassin*, also written by Robert Holmes. Here, too, the Doctor is a commanding figure, faced with an adversary who is certainly worthy of him, and one who is also capable of fooling the Doctor with his machinations.

Also like *Deadly Assassin*, the villain of the piece is both powerful and hideously disfigured, a bizarre but authentic 'master criminal'. Li H'sen Chang, however, whilst initially presented as chief adversary, is soon revealed to be nothing more than a pawn in Greel's game. By the end of the story, Chang is abandoned and left for dead by the one he worshipped. It is a mark of the good writing, acting and directing which typifies the best of *Doctor Who*, that the viewer is able to forget all of Chang's evil deeds, and is left with nothing but pity for the dying Chinaman as well as a certain regard for a man who had acted out of devotion rather than greed.

Magnus Greel, on the other hand, is more the classic villain of Victorian melodrama. Shouting and cursing his way through the story, he lacks from his grossly deformed features only the traditional accessory of a moustache to twirl! Practically all the stories in the fourteenth season could be seen to be inspired by some famous play or film. As well as the 'Ripper' connection, there is, as with many Holmes/Hinchcliffe tales an element of another famous horror story. Here the parallel must be with *The Phantom of the Opera*, most obviously in the scene where the Doctor chases Greel through the gloom of the deserted theatre.

As well as such allusion, the series' sense of play is evident in the choice of player for the part of conductor of the Palace Theatre orchestra. Although this character had no lines to speak, he is a figure well known to *Doctor Who* devotees as Dudley Simpson, the composer of the incidental music both to this story, and to many, many others.

*The Talons of Weng-Chiang* was the first *Doctor Who* story to be featured to any great extent in a documentary. There had been a brief clip from *Carnival of Monsters* (coincidentally also written by Robert Holmes) in a BBC 'Tuesday Documentary', but this story was heavily featured right from the planning stage to the recording stage in the BBC2 Documentary *Whose Doctor Who?* There were scenes of the designing of the giant rat and its recording in the television studio, as well as some of the visual effects and sound effects. The documentary was shown the day after the final episode of *Talons* was transmitted on BBC1.

When the programme was screened, the final form of the giant rat was somewhat toned down, since it was felt that it might appear too frightening. Unfortunately, far from being frightening, it became one of the weaker elements of the show, being shown rather too clearly on screen to be convincing, and also a little too early in the plot. This, however, is the only downbeat note in what remains one of the most popular *Doctor Who* stories.

Filming for *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* took place early in January 1977. The scenes in the theatre were filmed at Northampton Rep Theatre. The street scenes were filmed in a square in Wapping, close to the fictitious setting of the story. Other exterior shots of Victorian houses were filmed at Twickenham, in Middlesex.

By this time, *Doctor Who* was no longer recorded in the order in which it was transmitted but in the conventional manner of film making: by grouping together scenes using the same set. Consequently, the number of studio recordings no longer directly equalled the number of episodes. However, the studio sessions took place at the end of January and the beginning of February 1977, leaving barely three weeks prior to transmission for post production to be completed.

# CAST

## MAIN CAST:

|                                 |  |
|---------------------------------|--|
| The Doctor                      |  |
| Tom Baker                       |  |
| Leela                           |  |
| Louise Jameson                  |  |
| Li H'sen Chang                  |  |
| John Bennett (Episodes 1-5)     |  |
| Henry Gordon Jago               |  |
| Christopher Benjamin            |  |
| Casey                           |  |
| Chris Gannon (Episodes 1-4)     |  |
| Professor Litefoot              |  |
| Trevor Baxter                   |  |
| Mr. Sin                         |  |
| Deep Roy                        |  |
| Sergeant Kyle                   |  |
| David McKail (Episodes 1,2)     |  |
| P.C. Quick                      |  |
| Conrad Asquith (Episodes 1,2)   |  |
| Buller                          |  |
| Aian Butler (Episode 1)         |  |
| Ghoul                           |  |
| Patsy Smart (Episode 1)         |  |
| Lee                             |  |
| Tony Then (Episodes 1,4,5)      |  |
| Coolie                          |  |
| John Wu (Episode 1)             |  |
| Magnus Greel/Weng-Chiang        |  |
| Michael Spice (Episodes 2-6)    |  |
| Teresa                          |  |
| Judith Lloyd (Episode 3)        |  |
| Cleaner                         |  |
| Vaune Craig-Raymond (Episode 3) |  |
| Lettie Randall (Singer)         |  |
| Penny Lister (Episode 4)        |  |
| Ho                              |  |
| Vincent Wong (Episodes 1,5,6)   |  |

## SUPPORTING CAST:

|                               |  |
|-------------------------------|--|
| Conductor                     |  |
| Dudley Simpson (Episodes 1,4) |  |
| Girls in cabaret              |  |



Helen Simmet (Episode 5)

Debbie Cumming (Episode 5)

Extras

---

Ronald Musgrove (Episode 1)

Mary Maxted (Episode 1)

Charles Adey-Gray (Episode 1)

John Cannon (Episode 1)

Lisa Bergmayer (Episode 1)

Kevin Sullivan (Episode 1)

Richard Sheekey (Episode 1)

Jean Channon (Episode 1)

Marie Anthony (Episode 1)

David J Grahame (Episode 1)

Bill Hughes (Episode 1)

Hentley Young (Episode 1)

Bernard Price (Episode 1)

James Lloyd (Episode 1)

Tony Randle (Episode 1)

Chris Carrington (Episode 1)

Bob Williams (Episode 1)

Fred Leown (Episodes 1,5)

Dennis Chin (Episodes 1,5)

Sabu Kimura (Episode 5)

Arnold Lee (Episode 5)

Jimmy Ang (Episode 5)

Stuntmen

---

Alan Chuntz (Episode 1)

Max Faulkner (Episodes 1,2,4)

Stuart Fell (Episodes 4,6)

# TECHNICAL DETAILS

Story Code: 4S  
Story Title: The Talons of Weng-Chiang  
Working Title: The Talons of Greel  
Story Line: Robert Banks Stewart  
Author: Robert Holmes  
Number of Episodes: 6  
Studio Recording Dates: 24th-25th January 1977  
8th-10th February 1977

## Episode One

Duration ..... 24’43”  
First Transmitted ..... 26th February 1977, at 18:32:12

## Episode Two

Duration ..... 24’28”  
First Transmitted ..... 5th March 1977, at 18:37:18

## Episode Three

Duration ..... 21’56”  
First Transmitted ..... 12th March 1977, at 18:31:36

## Episode Four

Duration ..... 24’30”  
First Transmitted ..... 19th March 1977, at 18:31:30

## Episode Five

Duration ..... 24’49”  
First Transmitted ..... 26th March 1977, at 18:30:44

## Episode Six

Duration ..... 23’26”  
First Transmitted ..... 2nd April 1977, at 18:30:51

This story was released on a BBC Video tape (BBCV 4187) in the U.K. in October 1988.

# PRODUCTION CREDITS

|                         |  |
|-------------------------|--|
| Producer                |  |
| Philip Hinchcliffe      |  |
| Script Editor           |  |
| Robert Holmes           |  |
| Director                |  |
| David Maloney           |  |
| Designer                |  |
| Roger Murray-Leach      |  |
| Production Assistant    |  |
| Ros Anderson            |  |
| Production Unit Manager |  |
| Chris D'Oyly-John       |  |
| O.B. Lighting           |  |
| John Mason              |  |
| O.B. Sound              |  |
| Vic Godrich             |  |
| Studio Lighting         |  |
| Mike Jefferies          |  |
| Studio Sound            |  |
| Clive Gifford           |  |
| Film Camerman           |  |
| Fred Hamilton           |  |
| Film Recordist          |  |
| John Gatland            |  |
| Film Editor             |  |
| David Lee               |  |
| Visual Effects Designer |  |
| Michealjohn Harris      |  |
| Special Sound           |  |
| Dick Mills              |  |
| Costume Designer        |  |
| John Bloomfield         |  |
| Costume Assistant       |  |
| Alun Hughes             |  |
| Make-Up Artist          |  |
| Heather Stewart         |  |
| Make-Up Assistants      |  |
| Jennifer Hughes         |  |
| Martha Livesley         |  |
| Christine Baker         |  |
| Assistant Floor Manager |  |
| Linda Graeme            |  |

|                                              |
|----------------------------------------------|
| Assistant                                    |
| Rosemary Parsons                             |
| Fight Arranger                               |
| Stuart Fell (Episodes 1,2,6)                 |
| Magic Advisors                               |
| Ali Bongo (Episode 1)                        |
| Larry Barnes (Episode 1)                     |
| Title Music composed by                      |
| Ron Grainer and The BBC Radiophonic Workshop |
| Incidental Music                             |
| Dudley Simpson                               |
| Title Sequence                               |
| Bernard Lodge                                |



# EPISODE ONE

## *1. The Palace Theatre (Night).*

*(The curtain falls, as the sound of a crashing musical finale echoes from the orchestra pit. There is a fervent round of applause from the Victorian audience.)*

## *2. Backstage at the Theatre.*

*(The music can still be heard, but not quite so loudly. li h'sen chang is making for his dressing room. He is wearing Mandarin robes and is carrying mr. sin, a Chinese marionette. lee, a pyjama-clad coolie, follows behind with the impedimenta used in the act. li h'sen chang is intercepted by henry gordon jago, the cigar-smoking house manager who is in euphoric mood.)*

jago: Mr. Chang, wonderful! Words fail me, sir. Words quite fail me!

*(chang starts to walk to his dressing room. jago follows...)*

chang: You are most generous.

jago: Have I ever, in my thirty years in the halls, seen such a dazzling display of lustrous legerdemain? So many feats of superlative, supernatural skill? The answer must be never sir, never!

mr. sin: Honourable master is kind to bestow praise on humble Chang's miserable, unworthy head.

*(jago beams at the mannequin.)*

jago: Ha, ha, ha, ha! Dashed clever! The way you work the little fellow... wires in the sleeves, I daresay? But I'll not pry, Mr. Chang. The secrets of the artiste are sacrosanct.

*(There is a commotion just behind them and buller, shaking free of the doorkeeper, confronts chang.)*

buller: Hey you!

jago: What the deuce?

buller: Where's my Emma? What have you done with 'er?

jago: You've got no right to burst in here...

buller: Out of my way. It's him I want!

chang: Your... Emma?

buller: She come in here last night. I saw her...

jago: I'll have the fellow ejected.

buller: ... and nobody ain't seen 'er since. Now I'm asking you mister, what's happened to 'er?

jago: Call the stagehands, Freddy!

chang: It's all right, Mr. Jago.  
*(He turns to buller.)*  
Please come with me.  
*(chang exits, followed by buller and lee. jago turns away to the doorman.)*

jago: Courteous coves, these Chinese. I'd have propelled him onto the pavement with a punt up the posterior.

### 3. The Theatre Dressing Room.

*(li h'sen chang enters carrying mr. sin. buller and lee follow.)*

chang: Your wife?

*(chang sets the mannequin on his dressing table.)*

buller: Emma Buller. And don't deny she was 'ere 'cos I saw 'er with my own eyes...

chang: Many ladies come to theatre. Why should you th...?

buller: Not 'round the side door, they don't! Now look. I was passing in my cab and I saw 'er plain. And I know it was you she was calling on. She's been acting queer ever since you put the 'fluence on her last week. So don't try coming the innocent, mister. I want to know where she is or I'm calling the law! Clear?

chang: Your wife came on stage?

buller: Last week. Levitated 'er, you did. She's not been the same since. It's done something to 'er reason, I shouldn't wonder! And she was 'ere last night.

chang: Not to see me.

buller: Don't come the cod! She's disappeared. Nobody's seen 'er - not since she come 'ere last night. So what about it, eh?

chang: In my country we have saying. Man who go too quickly may step in bear trap.

buller: Right. I'm getting the peelers!  
*(buller exits. chang looks at mr. sin. The mannequin's had nods up and down several times in secret understanding.)*

### 4. A Street

*(Fog drifts around. Out on the river a foghorn wails. In the gloom we hear the materialisation noise of the TARDIS, and then see it standing by a wall, its blue lamp still flashing. leela steps out of the TARDIS. Instead of her usual skins, she is wearing a suitably Victorian outfit and is complaining bitterly.)*

leela: These clothes are ridiculous! Why must I wear them?

the doctor (oov): Because you can't go walking around Victorian London in skins. You'd frighten the horses. Anyway...

*(the doctor steps from the TARDIS. He is dressed in a viciously-patterned ulster - a heavy, double-breasted overcoat - and is wearing a deer-stalker on his head.)*

... we don't want to be conspicuous do we'?

*(He goes over to examine a poster on the wall for the Palace Theatre. It bears the legend: 'From the Mysterious Orient: Li H'sen Chang, Master of Magic and Mesmerism'. leela eyes the doctor and sniffs. Then the fog-horn blasts again and she reacts nervously to the sound.)*

leela: The swamp creature! That was its attack cry.

the doctor: No, no, it was a ship on the river. Excellent! It means we can't be far away.

leela: From where?

the doctor: From where we're going.

leela: Doctor, you make me wear strange clothes, you tell me nothing. You are trying to annoy me.

the doctor: I'm trying to teach you, Leela. Surely you'd like to see how your ancestors enjoyed themselves?

*(leela shrugs indifferently.)*

Splendid! That's why I'm taking you to the theatre.

*(the doctor indicates the poster on the wall and the picture it contains of li h'sen chang.)*

Li H'sen Chang? Hm, pity. I'd rather hoped we'd catch Little Titch. Never mind, if we hurry, we'll just catch the second house!

*(the doctor disappears into the enveloping fog. leela sets off after him.)*

### *5. Backstage at the Theatre.*

*(jago is busy overseeing preparations for the evening's performance. A chorus girl passes by.)*

jago: Now prance along there, Della, get your tail pinned on. Linen's up in five

minutes...

*(He suddenly notices casey, climbing frantically up from below, onto the stage.)*

Casey! You've got the oopizootics coming on?

casey: Mr. Jago, I seen it! I seen it again...

*(jago drags him into a corner and glances anxiously around.)*

jago: Be quiet! I've told you before..

casey: Horrible! Horrible it was, Mr. Jago. A great skull coming at me out of the dark...

jago: Do you want to bankrupt me. Casey? Keep your voice down... Threadbare in Carey Street, I'll be, if people get the notion there is anything wrong with this theatre!

casey: Chains clanking, nine foot tall..

jago: You've been drinking.

casey: Not a drop, sir.

jago: Then it's time you started.

*(jago hands him a hip-flask.)*

Now, pull yourself together, man!

casey: I ain't never going down that cellar again. There I was fixing the trap when this apparition rose out of the ground in front of me. Hideous it was, hideous!

*(He takes another swig from the flask and jago anxiously retrieves it from him.)*

jago: That's enough! It's your imagination.

casey: Never.

jago: A cat or... something must be trapped down there, making noises. Tell you what I'll do Casey. I'll come down with you this evening, as soon as the house is clear, and we'll have a good look round. Now, how's that?

casey: It was no cat, Mr. Jago! I've seen it.

jago: So please Casey, remember. mum's the word.

## 6. The Street.

*(bulla walks by, his collar turned up against the cold, damp weather. Suddenly a figure drops from a wall in front of him. A long-bladed knife glints in its little wooden hand. bulla is frozen with shock. mr. sin advances stiffly, his painted face immobile. A short way along, the doctor*

*and leela are coming down the street.)*

leela: This is a big village!

the doctor: Yes.

leela: What's the name of the tribe here?

the doctor: Cockneys.

*(Some way ahead, they hear a hoarse cry of fear echo through the fog. They look at each other.)*

leela: The sound of death.

the doctor: You stay here!

*(Five coolies are dragging buller along the pavement. the doctor materialises out of the fog.)*

the doctor: Excuse me, can I help you?

*(The coolies turn on the doctor. He puts up a good fight and throws several of them off before he is felled by a cudgel blow. leela runs up and joins in. She sends one of the attackers flying; but she is suddenly trapped in a corner by five or six more. A police whistle sounds a short distance away. The coolies turn and run, carrying buller with them. the doctor, still on the ground, stretches out a leg and trips the last of the coolies to flee. leela pounces and pins the man's arm behind his neck. the doctor runs after the others. He reaches the corner of the street, but they have vanished. Puzzled, he looks around for a doorway. Something catches his eye. He stoops down by a manhole but, before he can examine it, he is suddenly aware of an altercation not far behind him. He jumps to his feet and runs back. In his helmet and oilskin cape, p.c. quick is stolidly advancing on a circling leela. A colleague is holding the coolie.)*

p.c. quick: Hold you there. Now then, what's all this?

leela: Touch me and I'll break your arm!

p.c. quick: Now don't be foolish, miss.

the doctor (oov): Good evening.

leela: Keep back, Doctor! Blue guards!

the doctor: Good evening, Constable.

p.c. quick: Good evening, sir. You know this young female, sir?

the doctor: Oh yes, yes, we were attacked by this little man and four other little men.

p.c. quick: When I got here, sir, he was being strangled with his own pigtail, sir.

the doctor: Really? Girlish enthusiasm, officer?

p.c. quick: You might call it that, sir. I call it making an affray. I must ask you to come

down the station with me.

*7. On Stage at the Theatre.*

*(There is a roll of drums and a girl is lying across two chairs in the middle of the stage. li h'sen chang, with mr. sin on his arm, is standing by her.)*

chang: Please to see, ladies and gentlemen, subject now in state of deep hypnosis.

*(There are gasps and applause from the audience. chang picks up mr. sin from a chair.)*

mr. sin: She asleep.

chang: She not asleep, Mr. Sin.

mr. sin: She been smoking pipe of poppy.

*(Laughter.)*

chang: I will prove young lady not asleep.

*(He stands back and gestures to lee. With a flourish, lee removes one of the two remaining chairs. The girl is now supported only by her head.)*

mr. sin: She's lying on metal bar.

chang: Not lying on metal bar.

mr. sin: I've seen it done before.

chang: I will prove young lady not lying on metal bar.

*(He waves to lee again. lee removes the chair. The girl is now floating several feet above the ground. The audience enthusiastically applauds.)*

mr. sin: She's held up by wires.

chang: Enough!

mr. sin: You can't fool me.

chang: Silence!

*(He puts mr. sin back on the chair and draws his ceremonial sword. He makes as if to strike mr. sin. The dummy gives a cry of fear.)*

mr. sin: Don't touch me! Help! Police! Murder!

*(li h'sen chang crosses the stage and swings the sword through the air above the floating girl.)*

chang: You see. No wires, Mr. Sin.

*(jago, cigar in hand, is watching the act from the wings. mr. sin is quite near him.)*



I will now demonstrate art of levitation, raising most beautiful lady high above own topknot.

*(He waves his hands over the girl as though magnetising her. Slowly she starts to rise into the air. The audience gasps and applauds wildly. Backstage, jago, with an odd expression on his face, is staring at the dummy. It is stiff and motionless on the chair. In close view, a trickle of blood can be seen falling from the dummy's hand onto a damp patch beside the chair.)*

#### *8. A Police Station.*

sergeant kyle: Name, sir?

the doctor: Doctor. Leela.

kyle: Place of residence, sir?

leela: We've only just arrived here.

the doctor: We're on our way to the theatre, do you see?

kyle: Your home address will do for the moment, sir. You do have a permanent address, sir?

the doctor: No Sergeant, we're travellers.

kyle: I see. Persons of no fixed abode.

the doctor: No, no, no, we do have an abode. It's called the TARDIS.

*(kyle starts to write this down.)*

kyle: The T-A-R-D-I-S.

the doctor: But it's not fixed.

*(kyle puts down his pen.)*

kyle: I can give you and the young lady a fixed abode, sir. Quite easily.

*(the doctor mutters to himself.)*

the doctor: Flat-footed imbecile.

kyle: What was that, sir?

the doctor: It was nothing complimentary. Get on with it, Sergeant!

kyle: Now look, sir, we've got our hands full here. All these girls going missing in the manor... So if you'll just oblige us by answering any questions, we'll get on a lot better... and a lot quicker.

the doctor: Sergeant, all this is irrelevant. I've come here to lay evidence.

kyle: We'll come to that in good time...

the doctor: We'll come to that now, Sergeant. We've just prevented a kidnapping, a robbery or even a murder. My friend here caught one of the attackers. Let's come to it now, shall we?

(kyle looks at the coolie who is seated and taking no notice of anything.)

kyle: We've only your word as to what he did, Doctor.

(the doctor speaks aside to leela.)

the doctor: Tell him. Tell him!

leela: The man they were carrying was dead. He had been stabbed through the heart.

kyle: Really, miss? And how can you be sure of that?

leela: I am a warrior of the Sevateem. I know the different sounds of death. Now put our prisoner to the torture!

(She points angrily at the coolie. kyle stares at her in wonderment.)

kyle: Well, if that don't take the biscuit! Torture, eh? This isn't the dark ages, you know.

leela: Make him talk.

kyle: He's a Chineese, if you hadn't noticed. We get a lot of those in here, Limehouse being so close.

(As he speaks, he crosses over to the coolie.)

Him jaw-jaw plenty by-'n'-by, eh, Johnny?

(The coolie straightens up.)

I've sent for an interpreter.

the doctor: That won't be necessary. I speak Mandarin, Cantonese, all the dialects.

kyle: Oh yes?

the doctor: Yes.

(As if to prove the point, the doctor lapses into Chinese. The coolie, although silent, obviously understands him.)

kyle: Yes, very remarkable I'm sure, Doctor. But since you're a party to the case, it isn't proper.

(Suddenly, a distant blast on a police whistle can be heard.)

Now what? That come from the river.

### 9. On the Riverbank.

(p.c. quick shines his lantern over the water. Another constable is with him. A shabbily-dressed woman is pointing with ghoulish delight at something

*near the water's edge.)*

ghoul: Look, there it is, guy! See? Look.

p.c. quick: Hurry with that boat-hook.

*(He stretches out with the boat-hook and manages to catch hold of a bobbing bundle of cloth. He drags it through the murky water.)*

ghoul: It's a floater, all right. You got it, guv..

*(The constable reaches into the water to help p.c. quick.)*

Oh, my oath! You wouldn't want that served with onions...

*(p.c. quick and the constable stare queasily down at what they have recovered.)*

Never seen anything like that in all my puff. Make an 'orse sick, that would. Oh..

### *10. The Police Station.*

*(li h'sen chang is with sergeant kyle. He is now wearing City clothes and has largely dropped the Chinese accent that he had used on stage.)*

kyle: Good of you to come so prompt, sir.

chang: Not at all, Sergeant. I'm always happy to be of service to the police. What can I do for you, this time?

kyle: Complaint against this man, sir. Lady and gentleman here swear they saw him, in concern with others not in custody, carrying what appeared to be a body, sir.

chang: Indeed?

*(He studies the doctor and leela.)*

kyle: A European body, as I understand them, sir.

chang: What happened to the others?

leela: They got away. I caught this one.

chang: You caught him... remarkable.

the doctor: Don't I know you?

chang: I think not.

the doctor: Yes, I've seen you somewhere before.

chang: I understand we all look the same.

the doctor: Are you Chinese? Yes, that's it, we must have... No, I haven't been in China for 400 years.

chang: Are you taking this matter seriously, Sergeant?

kyle: We are, sir. Will you question the man, sir?

chang: Very well.  
*(chang goes over to the table where the coolie is seated and sits down opposite him.)*

chang: Can I have paper and pencil please, Sergeant?

kyle: Certainly, sir.  
*(chang flicks open an ornate dragon-seal ring and lets a small pill roll across the table. The coolie takes it, looks at chang, and bows his head submissively. As kyle brings pen and paper, the coolie unobtrusively slips the pill into his mouth.)*

the doctor: Got it! Li H'sen Chang..

chang: What?

the doctor: The Master of Magic and Mesmerism. Show us a trick!  
*(The coolie gives a strangled cry and collapses over the table.)*

Very good. Very good!  
*(kyle bends over the man, grim-faced.)*

kyle: I think he's dead, sir.

the doctor: How did you do it?

chang: I did nothing. What are you suggesting?  
*(the doctor feels the coolie's wrist for a pulse.)*

the doctor: Scorpion venom.

kyle: Scorpion venom?

the doctor: Highly concentrated scorpion venom. It killed him almost instantly.  
*(the doctor turns over the dead man's hand to reveal a mark.)*

The Tong of the Black Scorpion.

kyle: Don't know that one, sir.

the doctor: One of the most dangerous politico-criminal organisations in the world. Wouldn't you agree, Li H'sen Chang?

chang: You seem remarkably well informed, Doctor. Alas, I know nothing of these matters.  
*(He picks up his hat and eyes the body.)*

Most regrettable incident. Goodnight, Sergeant!

kyle: Thank you, sir.

*(chang pauses in front of leela.)*

chang: I'm sure we shall meet again.

leela: Yes.

chang: Perhaps under more pleasant circumstances.

*(leela watches as he exits.)*

kyle: Blowed if I know what to do about this lot.

the doctor: Then I'll tell you what to do, Sergeant. Organise a post-mortem. I want an analysis of the organs.

kyle: You want what, sir?

the doctor: Well naturally I'm going to help. If the Tong of the Black Scorpion is here in London, you're going to need all the help you can get. Now cut along and do as I say, now!

kyle: Yes, sir.

*(Such is the force of the doctor's manner that kyle obeys without further question.)*

## *11. A Street.*

*(A horse and carriage is racing along the cobbled street. li h'sen chang leans from the window impatiently.)*

chang: Faster, man. Faster!

*(The Chinese driver whips the horse on. They are soon swallowed up by fog. A placard on a nearby wall reads: 'Missing Girls - Mystery 8th Victim'.)*

## *12. Backstage.*

*(casey is locking up. jago walks towards him.)*

jago: Twinkle, twinkle, out in front.

casey: Eh?

jago: Gallery lights still burning.

casey: Just going to see to them now, Mr. Jago.

jago: Everyone gone?

casey: Aye, just locked up, sir.

jago: I hope those girls go straight home to their digs.

casey: Oh that they will, sir. With all this in the papers - nine of them missing now, you know.

jago: Nine? There was some fellow in here earlier blaming Chang, of all people, for some girl's disappearance.

casey: Oh, just vanished off the streets, they have. Mostly in this area, too. What do you think's happened to them, Mr. Jago?

jago: Nothing good, Casey. Nothing good, and that's a stone certainty.

casey: Oh well... It says in the paper how it could be Jolly Jack at work again.

jago: Jolly Jack?

casey: The Ripper, Mr. Jago.

jago: The horrendous hyberbole of Grub Street, Casey.

casey: Eh?

jago: Newspaper gossip! They were probably just stony, and scarpered. Cut along now. I'll wait for you here.

*(casey goes off to deal with the lamps. jago walks slowly towards the dressing rooms. He hesitates outside the door.)*

### *13. Chang's Dressing Room.*

*(jago enters cautiously. He closes the door behind him and looks around. There is a wicker basket by the dressing-table. He crosses to it and, crouching down, unfastens the straps. He hesitates momentarily before raising the lid. mr. sin lies there, eyes closed. Just a wooden mannequin. jago reaches into the basket and takes the mannequin's hand. Its eyes fly open. jago jumps, then realises it was caused by the movement. He shakes the mannequin. jago lifts the mannequin's arm and studies its hand.)*

jago: I was right, it was blood... Blood all over the hand and wrist. Now how did that get there?

*(Suddenly he hears footsteps approaching. He looks fearfully at the reflection of the door in the dressing-table mirror. The door slowly opens. casey stands on the threshold.)*

casey: Ready, Mr. Jago?

jago: Oh! Casey! don't ever do that to me again!

*(He struggles to his feet.)*

If the Celestial Chang caught me trying to pinch his tricks... I had an idea that his dummy was a midget dressed up. But it's just an ordinary vent's doll.

casey: Are we going to look down the cellar, Mr. Jago?

jago: Of course, Casey, of course. When I promise to do something... Determination. Character. After you!

*14. A Street.*

*(the doctor and leela are walking through the dark streets.)*

the doctor: They're what's known as a very dangerous bunch, fanatical followers of an ancient Chinese god called Weng-Chiang.

leela: The Tong of the Black Scorpion?

the doctor: Yes, its followers believe that one day he will come back and rule the world.

*(They hear a sound behind them, turn, but can see nothing. They continue on their way.)*

leela: So what is he like, this Weng-Chiang?

the doctor: Oh, very pleasant company. They say he blew poisonous fumes from his mouth and he killed men with a white light that shone from his eyes.

leela: Magic!

the doctor: Superstitious rubbish! Here we are.

*(They enter a building marked 'Limehouse Mortuary'. A coolie creeps forward to stare through a lighted window. the doctor and leela can be seen inside talking to p.c. quick.)*

*15. A Mortuary.*

p.c. quick: They're in there now, sir... taken from the river, not half an hour ago. Professor Litefoot's conducting his examination now, sir.

the doctor: Yes, well our case is much more urgent.

*(He heads towards a screen.)*

p.c. quick: I wouldn't go in there if I was you, sir.

the doctor: Don't you worry about it. Don't you worry.

*(He goes round the screen. professor litefoot is holding a container of liquid up to the light. He passes it to the doctor without looking round.)*

litefoot: Thank you.

*(He suddenly realizes that it's not his assistant but a complete stranger.)*

litefoot: Who the devil are you, sir?

*(the doctor's attention is riveted by the dead body.)*

the doctor: I'm the Doctor... come to help you.

litefoot: When I need anyone's help in pathology, I'll ask for it.

the doctor: Constable Quick suggested a drowning case.

litefoot: Fished from the river, but he wasn't drowned.

the doctor: No... by the look of those marks, an animal.

*(lightfoot, surprised at the doctor's remark, looks up from the body. leela appears in the background.)*

litefoot: Exactly what I think. But what kind of animal leaves mutilations like those?

the doctor: Chisel-like incisors. A rodent?

litefoot: Yes, but... that's impossible! look at the size of them!

the doctor: Have you established the cause of death?

litefoot: Yes, that's another curious thing. All this happened after death.

the doctor: Really?

litefoot: He was killed by a knife blow to the heart.

the doctor: Are those his clothes?

*(p.c. quick by now has also joined them, carrying a sack.)*

p.c. quick: Yes, sir. I'm just taking them for examination.

*(the doctor takes the sack from p.c. quick and gives the constable his walking cane.)*

the doctor: Here, hold that.

*(He tips out the sack's contents onto a bench. From them, litefoot picks up a metallic disc.)*

litefoot: He was carrying no personal documents, but this indicates he was a licensed cab driver. Easy enough to identify the poor chap by his number.

leela: Doctor - those are the clothes the man we saw was wearing!

*(the doctor nods, picks some hairs from the coat and examines them.)*

the doctor: Hm. What I'd like to know is what you think of these.

litefoot: Some sort of hair.

the doctor: Yes, I think they are rat hairs.

litefoot: Rat hairs? Do you know what you're saying, man?

the doctor: Yes, of course I know what I'm saying.

litefoot: But they are nearly three inches long! The hairs on a rat can't be more than what... a quarter of an inch?



the doctor: Interesting, isn't it? Because I've just remembered something else about Weng-Chiang.

leela (oov): What?

the doctor: He was the god of abundance. Yes, he made things grow.

*(He takes p.c. quick's lantern.)*

Can I borrow that? Thank you.

leela: Where are we going?

the doctor: Stay there, Leela.

*16. Outside the Mortuary.*

*(the doctor emerges from the mortuary. He turns away up the street, buttoning his coat. The coolie emerges from the shadows carrying a Tong hatchet. He pads quickly after the doctor, raising the hatchet and takes careful aim at the doctor's retreating back. He throws the hatchet, but it misses the doctor's head by an inch and buries itself in a doorpost instead. the doctor wheels round and stares back up the street. He stalks grimly back towards the coolie, who appears rooted to the spot.)*

the doctor: Were you trying to attract my attention?

*(The coolie makes a gurgling sound and falls forward, dead even before he hits the ground. leela appears out of the fog, tucking a blowpipe into the band of her skirt.)*

the doctor: What's this?

*(He bends over the dead man and stares back at leela.)*

leela: A Janis thorn.

the doctor: Yes, I thought I told you not to carry...

leela: He was trying to kill you.

the doctor: Oh... Oh well, in that case you'd better come along.

*(leela grins with relief and hurries after the doctor. They turn a corner into the alley where, earlier, the doctor examined the manhole cover. He kneels on the cobbles and shines his lantern over the manhole, still wet with a dark, sticky substance.)*

leela: What is it?

the doctor: The entrance to the sewers.

leela: Blood! Is this where they took the body?

the doctor: Yes.

*(He heaves up the cover and peers down into the gloom.)*

leela: Where does it go?

the doctor: Into the Thames, eventually. All the sewers are connected.

*(He swings himself over the edge and starts to descend. leela follows after him.)*

### *17. A Sewer.*

*(the doctor shines his lantern along the sewer. Scampering and squealing noises can be heard all around. They set off through the sewer.)*

leela: What are those creatures?

the doctor: Rats.

leela: They don't look very dangerous.

the doctor: Well... they're not. They're very cunning, though. They're probably more afraid of us than...

*(From out of the darkness ahead, there is a loud squealing and the susurrations of a million scampering feet. A huge rat appears in the distance, its enormous teeth gnashing together as it senses human prey...)*

# EPISODE TWO

## *1. The Sewer (Night).*

*(From out of the darkness, there is a loud squealing and the susurrantion of a million scampering feet. A huge rat appears in the distance, its enormous teeth gnashing together, as it senses the human prey ahead... the doctor and leela run back along the sewer. An animal screech of fury blasts from the blackness behind them as they reach the rungs of the ladder. leela starts to climb up. the doctor glances anxiously back. He takes the lantern and throws it back along the sewer. It bursts into a sheet of flames. A scream of frustration and rage echoes down the tunnel.)*

the doctor: Run. Run!

*(As the doctor starts up the ladder, we catch a glimpse of something grey and huge in the tunnel beyond the flaming pool of kerosene. leela extends a hand to the doctor. He slams the cover down and sits on it, gasping for breath.)*

leela: We might have been killed.

the doctor: Aah! Ten feet from whiskers to tail!

leela: We should have taken weapons.

the doctor: What kind of weapons? You'd need a harpoon to stop that brute!

leela: Shall we tell the blue guards?

the doctor: They'd only call a sanitary inspector. It's a guard. It's there to keep people away.

*(the doctor stands.)*

leela: What? Now, where are we going?

*(leela struggles to her feet and runs after the doctor.)*

## *2. The Theatre Cellar.*

*(casey and jago, each holding a lamp, enter the cellar.)*

casey: Oh, it's black as Newgate's knocker down here. It was over this way, Mr. Jago.

jago: Flickering shadows, Casey! A trick of the light.

casey: Shadows don't groan, Mr. Jago. Shadows don't clank chains and moan like all the tormented souls in hell.

*(jago holds his lamp higher and, suddenly, catches sight of something out of the corner of his eye. He tenses momentarily and then, realising what it*

*is, he relaxes.)*

jago: There's your ghost!

*(Against an archway, among a pile of theatrical props and other junk, is a totem pole complete with hideous faces.)*

Six-gun Sadie and her Wild West Troop left that behind. All Lombard Street to ninepence that's what you saw!

casey: It weren't that old thing. Anyway, I heard it.

jago: Ah Casey, you're a pixilated leprechaun. The course of the river Fleet runs right under the foundations of this old theatre. What you heard was the clang and the rush of the water as they close the sluice gates down on the Thames.

*(casey shakes his head stubbornly.)*

casey: Oh, it's easy for you to cast aspersions, Mr. Jago. You weren't down 'ere.

*(jago stoops to pick something up off the floor.)*

jago: Somebody else has been down here, by the look of things. You got an admirer, Casey?

casey: A glove, is it?

jago: Yes a lady's glove... monogrammed 'E.B.'. Perhaps the ghost dropped it, eh?

*(He slips it into his pocket.)*

Come on. We've had enough of your spook.

### *3. The Police Station.*

the doctor: No plan of the sewers?

kyle: We don't keep plans of sewers here, sir. But as far as I know, they all connect to the Fleet and then down to the river. But if you've got any information, sir?

the doctor: For the moment, Sergeant, we're looking for information ourselves.

kyle: Professor Litefoot left a message for you, sir.

the doctor: He did?

kyle: It says he'd like to see you at the mortuary, straight away.

the doctor: It does?

kyle: He's still there, sir. We found another body outside. After you'd gone.

the doctor: What?

kyle: Another Chinese, sir, just outside.

the doctor: Very convenient.

kyle: Very mysterious, sir. You wouldn't know anything about it, I suppose?  
leela: Of course we do, I was rescued..  
the doctor: Come on Leela!

#### *4. Backstage at the Theatre.*

*(jago is seeing casey off the premises.)*

jago: Now go on home with you Casey, straight home. You might get mistaken for one of those girls!  
casey: Aren't you coming, Mr. Jago?  
jago: Not yet. Some paperwork commands my presence yet awhile. But I shall doubtless descry those lugubrious lineaments at the crepuscular hour.  
casey: Eh?  
jago: See you in the morning.  
casey: You are a card, Mr. Jago! A card and a half.

*(He exits. jago closes the stage door and turns, smiling. li h'sen chang is standing behind him! jago almost leaves his skin.)*

jago: Oh! Jiminey! You made me jump. I thought you'd gone. Mr. Chang.  
chang: No, Mr. Jago. I have come back to see you.  
jago: To see me, Mr. Chang? Nothing wrong, I hope?  
chang: Be so kind as to step up to my dressing room and I will explain.

#### *5. Chang's Dressing Room.*

jago: If it's the terms of our contract, we've been attracting such good houses lately, I've already considered drawing up a fresh agreement.

*(li h'sen chang stares at him.)*

The terms I have in mind are such, I venture, no other management in London would offer an artiste!

*(chang continues to stare. jago sways a little, then collects himself.)*

What would you say to an extra two per cent, Mr. Chang? Of the gross, naturally, I think you'll agree that's... fair...

*(chang's eyes blaze. jago is standing frozen to the spot.)*

chang: Now hear me, Jago. You remember the cab driver, Buller, who came to see me tonight?

jago: Cab driver... Yes.

chang: I want you to forget him. Understand? You did not see him!

jago: I did not see him.

chang: Good. Now you will go from here to your office. When you sit down at your desk, you will remember only that you have just said goodnight to Casey. Is that clear?

jago: I have just said goodnight to Casey.

chang: Excellent! Now go.

*(The light from chang's eyes dies. jago exits.)*

*6. Backstage at the Theatre.*

*(li h'sen chang walks across the deserted rear of the stage and descends into the cellar.)*

*7. The Cellar.*

*(li h'sen chang comes down the steps and lights a lamp. He takes an iron bar and knocks on the floor. After a pause, there is a grinding sound and one of the heavy flagstones swings aside, to reveal a wooden ladder. chang descends into the gloom.)*

*8. Greel's Chamber.*

*(At the foot of the ladder, someone is waiting for li h'sen chang: greel! chang kneels and bows. greel is wearing a black coat and hat; his face is concealed behind a mask of soft black leather, the eye-slits in a position suggestive of some gross deformity. As he speaks his breath rasps as if it is an effort just to talk.)*

greel: You are late.

chang: We should not go tonight, Lord.

greel: I must. Every night, until the Time Cabinet is found!

chang: You are ill.

greel: I am dying, Chang! You must bring another linnet to my cage.

chang: But only yesterday...

greel: The disease grows worse. Each distillation lasts less than the time before.

chang: And with every girl reported missing, panic increases. I fear one of them will

be traced here.

greel: You must be careful.

chang: Careful as I am, Lord, there is always risk of discovery. Even tonight I acted quickly to keep our secret. A man was on his way to police.

greel: Ha! Those dull-witted oxen. Chang, I have given you mental powers undreamed of in this century. You are thousands of years ahead of your time. What can you fear from these primitives?

chang: True, Lord, I read their minds with ease. But tonight there was a stranger. A man whose thoughts were hidden, a man different from all others.

*(greel tenses.)*

greel: Describe him.

chang: He is a doctor. Tall with wide, pale eyes and hair that curls like the ram. He asked many questions.

*(greel relaxes slightly.)*

greel: Ah! A Time Agent would not ask questions. A Time Agent would know.

chang: But I fear danger, Lord, and have sent a man to kill him.

greel: Your opium-addicted scum are all bunglers, Chang! You should have seen to it yourself.

chang: If he troubles us further, Lord, I will deal with him personally.

greel: Very well, but we're wasting time. Come.

*(He starts to ascend the ladder.)*

### *9. At the Mortuary.*

*(the doctor is talking with professor litefoot. As they talk, the professor is changing into his street clothes. leela stands nearby.)*

litefoot: I've taken some of the organs for further tests but I must confess to being beaten.

the doctor: Beaten?

litefoot: Oh, well both poisoned, of course. One orally, the other intravenously... Understand you suggested scorpion venom?

the doctor: Yes, in concentrated form.

litefoot: Hmm. Like to hear more about that. You're in this line, I take it?

the doctor: I've dabbled a bit - a dilettante.

litefoot: Surely more than that. I got a zoologist colleague to look at our last cadaver. It seems he thinks it's the work of a rat, too. What an amazing night it's been!

leela: It is not over, yet.

litefoot: Jolly interesting all the same! Most of the corpses round here are jolly dull. Now I've got a couple of inscrutable Chinks and a poor perisher who was chewed by a giant rat, having been stabbed by a midget!

the doctor: A midget?

(litefoot *is now dressed as jar as his topcoat.*)

litefoot: Angle of the wound - Oh 'pon my soul! I'm sure we shouldn't be discussing such things in front of the fair sex. Forgive us, Ma'am!

leela: What for?

litefoot: Well, for being so indelicate in the presence of a lady of refinement.

leela: Does he mean me?

the doctor: I don't think so.

leela: It's very interesting. You say you can tell the height of the attacker by the way the blade was thrust?

litefoot: Ah... um...

(*He nods, hardly able to believe his ears that a woman is talking about such matters.*)

leela: But when aiming for the heart, we were always taught to strike under the breastbone.

(litefoot *stares at her.*)

litefoot: 'Pon my soul!

(the doctor *feels compelled to offer an explanation.*)

the doctor: Savage. Found floating down the Amazon in a hat-box.

litefoot: A hat-box?

(p.c. quick *enters cheerily.*)

p.c. quick: Professor, still here? I traced our cab driver. Name of Joseph Buller, fourteen Fish Lane, this parish.

litefoot: Oh, splendid! You can let the Coroner have all the details, then. Is there someone to identify the clothing?

p.c. quick: His mother-in-law... Mrs. Nellie Gussett, same address. Deceased has lived there since his marriage six months ago.

the doctor: Anything else?

p.c. quick: Sir?

the doctor: Well, you had a few drinks with Mrs. Gussett. Did she tell you anything further about the deceased?



(p.c. quick *wipes his mouth guiltily.*)

- p.c. quick: Er... the bearer of sad tidings, sir. I shared a glass or two while the poor thing got over shock. Yes, well er... she did mention the deceased had been in a queer state all day.
- the doctor: Why?
- p.c. quick: Well it seems his wife - that's Emma Buller, daughter of the house - didn't come home last night. Deceased refused to take his cab out today as a consequence. Deceased then had several drinks and went round the Palace Theatre.
- litefoot: The theatre?
- p.c. quick: Oh, not on pleasure bent, sir. It seems he believed that's where his wife was to be found. Mrs. Gussett says he went off, making horrible asseverations as to his intentions.
- litefoot: Yes, well em... put as much in that report as you think will concern the Coroner, officer. Well, it's quite clear the man got stupidly drunk and picked a fight with a dwarf.
- p.c. quick: Yes, sir.
- (*He exits.*)
- litefoot: A night's work like that always does wonders for my appetite. I'd be honoured if you would share some supper with me.
- the doctor: I'd be delighted, Professor!

#### *10. A Street.*

(*A hackney cab rumbles over the cobbles. leela is seated between the doctor and professor litefoot, staring in astonishment at the latter, who is in the process of lighting a pipe.*)

- litefoot: Of course, the police will have the Buller case cleared up in no time. But the Chinese - different kettle of fish, what?
- leela: Why are you making fire in your mouth?
- litefoot: Why am I... 'Pon my Sam! Hasn't the girl seen a pipe before?
- the doctor: There is no tobacco where Leela comes from.
- litefoot: Sounds healthy... but exceedingly dull. Yes, as I was saying, they're a mysterious lot, the Chinese! Enigmatic. I never got anywhere near to understanding 'em - and I was brought up in China.
- the doctor: Really? What were you doing there?
- litefoot: Father was Brigadier General in the punitive expedition of 1860. Afterwards he

stayed in Peking as a palace attaché. Died there in the end, poor old buffer. Fireworks at the funeral. Odd custom... odd sort of people.

*(the doctor leans forward and bangs on the driver's box. The cab rattles to a halt.)*

What's up?

the doctor: They used fireworks to frighten off evil spirits.

litefoot: I know that. Where are you going'?

*(the doctor climbs out of the cab and speaks to leela.)*

the doctor: You stay with Litefoot. I'll join you later. Drive on, Cabby.

litefoot: Where are you going?

the doctor: The Palace Theatre.

litefoot: There'll be nobody there at this hour.

*(The driver cracks his whip and the cab jolts on its way. Inside the cab, litefoot turns to peer back through the window.)*

Extraordinary. I say, how can he join us later? I haven't given him my card.

leela: Four Ranskill Gardens. He heard you tell the driver.

litefoot: Gad! If you aren't as sharp as a trout.

leela: Trout?

*11. Backstage at the Theatre.*

*(Someone is knocking loudly at the stage door.)*

jago: All right. Coming.

*(jago opens the door and the doctor walks straight in, without waiting to be invited.)*

jago: Yes?

the doctor: Thank you. Terrible weather for the time of year!

jago: The theatre's closed.

the doctor: Ssshhh!

jago: What do you want?

the doctor: Are you the manager?

jago: I'm the owner, sir. Henry Gordon Jago, at the end of a long day. So, if you'd kindly state your business?

*(the doctor takes his hand warmly.)*

the doctor: Henry Gordon Jago! How do you do sir? I'm the Doctor.

jago: Doctor?

the doctor: Exactly.

jago: Ah! Now I've rumbled your game. Ha! I admire your brass but it won't do. Call back on Saturday.

the doctor: Don't move. Hold that.

jago: What?

(the doctor *hands jago his stick, and proceeds to pull a string of handkerchiefs out of jago's breast pocket.*)

jago: Auditions commence at ten o'clock sharp. Supporting acts booked for one week only.

(the doctor *picks up a metal container and opens it to reveal a live dove. jago watches stonily.*)

jago: Is that all?

the doctor: No, dramatic recitations, singing, tap dancing... I can play the Trumpet Voluntary in a bowl of live goldfish.

jago: Don't bother coming back on Saturday.

the doctor: I'm also a master hypnotist.

(*He takes jago's pocket watch, and swings it backwards and forwards in front of jago's eyes.*)

Now then... how long since you were under the influence, sir?

jago: I am a man of character and determination, sir. The Rock of Gibraltar would be more easily... more easily...

the doctor: Just as I thought. And quite recently, too. What was your last order?

jago: To remember nothing since I said goodnight to Casey.

the doctor: Henry Gordon Jago, I command you to remember everything you were ordered to forget. When I count to three you will remember everything. One... Two... Three.

(jago *blinks.*)

jago: ... more easily influenced than I would. I have a will of iron. What the dickens am I talking about?

the doctor: Did a cab driver come here tonight?

jago: Yes. There was a fellow burst in and accosted Mr. Chang between shows.

the doctor: What did he want?

jago: Oh something about his Emma. A lady-friend, no doubt.

the doctor: Emma Buller, his wife, she disappeared last night. Does Mr. Chang, by any chance, do a vanishing lady act?

jago: You're not by any chance suggesting that Mr. Chang has anything to do with these myst...

*(He lapses into silence.)*

the doctor: What is it?

*(jago takes the glove from his pocket and hands it to the doctor.)*

jago: Emma Buller.

the doctor: 'E.B.'. Where did you find this?

jago: In the cellar. Are you from the police?

the doctor: I'm helping them. I'd like to see this cellar, Mr. Jago.

### *12. A Cab.*

*(li h'sen chang, mr. sin and greel are in the cab. greel holds a large stone pendant in his hands.)*

greel: You are certain these are different streets?

chang: The driver has his orders. Every night we quarter a new sector.

greel: For how much longer?

chang: Patience, Lord. We know the Time Cabinet is here. The Cabinet of Weng-Chiang in the house of an infidel. We shall recover it.

greel: I grow weary, Chang.

chang: Tomorrow I bring you two donors. Young, plump, high-spirited girls. The distillation of their life essences will recover your powers, Lord.

### *13. The Theatre Cellar.*

*(jago holds a lamp up.)*

jago: It was over here. Yes, this is where it was, down here...

the doctor: What were you doing down here?

jago: I was reassuring Casey...

the doctor: Who?

jago: My factotum. He's taken to seeing ghosts lately. He's a good fellow, Casey, but about as sharp as the corners of a round table. Great Jumping Jehosephat!

*(the doctor has picked up a huge spider that fills his hand.)*

What a spider! That must be the granddaddy of 'em all!

the doctor: It's a money-spider.

jago: A money-spider?

the doctor: Yes.

jago: Don't kill it.

*(the doctor stands and looks thoughtfully around.)*

the doctor: Genetic disruption. Where does it come from? What's under here?

*(He indicates the floor.)*

jago: You mean right where we're standing?

the doctor: Yes.

jago: Well, they say the course of the river Fleet runs...

the doctor: Fleet?

jago: Yes, the river Fleet runs right under these foundations.

the doctor: Excellent. We're getting somewhere.

#### *14. Professor Litefoot's Dining Room.*

*(professor litefoot is turning up the lamps. There is a side-table laid with food. The room is full of various Chinese items: laquer-work, tapestries etc. In a corner is a particularly ornate cabinet.)*

litefoot: Now let's see what we have here! Mrs. Hudson always leaves me a cold collation... ham, roast beef, chicken, tongue... and those look like quail, unless I'm much mistaken.

leela: Meat.

*(leela seizes a joint of meat from the table and tears at it with her teeth.)*

litefoot: Yes well, perhaps we shouldn't wait for your friend, the Doctor? Help yourself, my dear! Plates on the end of the table. I'll er... I'll just put a knob or two on the fire.

*(He busies himself with a poker and coal skuttle. Having finished with the fire, he turns round and stares in amazement at leela, who is blissfully unaware that she is doing anything unusual.)*

leela: It's good.

litefoot: Oh... I'm so glad!

*(He continues to stare in fascination. leela looks up at him.)*

leela: Is something wrong?

litefoot: No! No... would you care for a knife or a fork?  
*(leela picks up one of the carving knives off the table and sticks it into the joint she is holding.)*

leela: It's a good knife. Aren't you going to eat?

litefoot: Yes. Yes... Just going to eat.  
*(He goes to pick up a plate and then, mindful of his manners, picks up a joint and proceeds to gnaw at it, just like his guest. He manages a feeble smile.)*

### 15. The Cab.

*(greel sits forward suddenly. His breath rasps.)*

greel: Stop! Stop!  
*(The pendant in his hands is emitting a low, pulsing light. He stares from the window of the cab.)*

Somewhere here! Somewhere... one of these dwellings...  
*(By now, the cab has come to a halt and greel opens the door.)*

### 16. A Street.

*(greel descends from the cab and hurries across the street. li h'sen chang follows, holding mr. sin. They disappear into the darkness of an overgrown garden.)*

### 17. A Garden.

*(greel and li h'sen chang stand under some trees, staring up at the house.)*

greel: This is the place, Chang. The Time Cabinet is in there!

chang: Then leave the rest to your servants, Lord. Go back to your abode.

greel: I must have the Time Cabinet.

chang: Lord, your weakness grows. Go back. Rest. I will bring the cabinet to you.

greel: Very well... but do not fail me now, Chang!

### 18. The Theatre Cellar.

*(the doctor is still searching the floor.)*

the doctor:

Well, if there is a secret entrance, it's expertly hidden.

*(Suddenly a luminous, floating skull appears. It swings down towards them. the doctor eyes it with interest but jago gives a cry of terror.)*

How very interesting. Do you know what this is?

*(jago faints with a groan. This momentarily diverts the doctor's attention and, when he looks back round, the apparition has gone.)*

Oh, come on! Rock of Gibraltar!

*(He hoists jago up and starts to drag him out.)*

### *19. Professor Litefoot's Dining Room.*

*(leela picks up a large serving bowl, filled with some sort of liquid desert, and drinks hungrily from it. Having finished, she goes to wipe her greasy hands on the edge of the tablecloth.)*

litefoot:

Er... napkin?

leela:

Thank you, professor.

litefoot:

The Doctor's taking a long time. I hope he did note the address.

*(He goes over to the curtains and peers out into the night.)*

Great Scott!

leela:

What is it?

litefoot:

There's somebody out there watching the house!

leela:

Where?

litefoot:

I saw him step back into the shrubbery as I looked out. Some scoundrel up to no good!

*(He crosses to a desk and takes out a pistol.)*

Odd thing. I could swear he was a Chinese. Well, whoever he is, I'll give him more than he expected.

*(He goes to leave and leela starts to follow.)*

No, you wait here.

### *20. Backstage at the Theatre.*

*(jago has recovered consciousness. the doctor sits down beside him.)*

the doctor:

How are you feeling?

jago:

The ghost! I... I saw it! Casey, forgive me, I saw it!

the doctor: It was a hologram.

jago: I always thought there was something unnatural about that cellar.

the doctor: There's nothing unnatural about the holograph technique. The projection of light by a laser beam.

jago: What?

the doctor: Don't worry, it wasn't known in this century.

*(the doctor produces a small flask from the top of his walking cane.)*

Drink this! Go on, you'll feel better.

*(Glancing up, something catches jago's eye. A shadow flits across the back of the stage.)*

jago: What's that?

the doctor: Sshhh!

*(He gets up and hurries away in the direction of the shadow.)*

## 21. The Theatre Stage.

*(the doctor goes through the curtains to the front of the stage, but something moves behind, and he quickly goes back. Sensing movement, he looks up into the scenery held above the stage and suddenly a large wooden animal's head hurtles towards him. It knocks him over but he quickly recovers and starts to climb up after his attacker. However, greel knows the theatre a lot better than the doctor and, using a rope to swing silently across to the other side of the stage, manages to creep up behind him, pushing the doctor over the edge towards the stage far below. the doctor desperately grabs at a backcloth, which breaks his fall. jago is struck from behind by greel who finally manages to make his escape. A short while later, the doctor finds jago in a somewhat dazed state.)*

the doctor: Jago? Cheer up Jago, cheer up.

## 22. The Theatre Cellar.

*(the doctor hurries down the steps into the cellar, only to find it empty. jago follows.)*

the doctor: Gone back to his rats... are you all right?

jago: Oh yes, I think so. Who the devil was it?

the doctor: No idea! He didn't introduce himself.

*(jago gingerly rubs his throat.)*



jago: Shall I call in the local police?

the doctor: Oh, Henry Gordon Jago! Then our reclusive phantom would simply vanish. Pouff!

jago: Oh good heavens, yes!

the doctor: We can tackle it together, you and I.

jago: What are you going to do?

the doctor: Think, and then have some supper.

jago: Ah.

*(They exit.)*

### *23. Professor Litefoot's Garden.*

*(Gun in hand, professor litefoot stares into the darkness. He sees nothing. He shrugs and starts walking back to the house.)*

### *24. Proffssor Litefoot's Dining Room.*

*(leela peers out of the window. She hears the front door shut, then turns around.)*

litefoot (oov): Nobody out there now! Fellow must have got wind of...

*(He breaks off mid-sentence with a groan. There is a rustling sound in the hall.)*

leela: Professor?

*(She goes towards the door.)*

Are you there, Professor?

*(She is almost at the door when it swings open. mr. sin is standing there, a knife glinting evilly in his hand. He moves forward, making an obscene grunting noise.)*

# EPISODE THREE

## *1. Professor Litefoot's Garden.*

*(Gun in hand, professor litefoot stares into the darkness. He sees nothing. He shrugs and starts walking back to the house.)*

## *2. Professor Litefoot's Dining Room.*

*(leela peers out of the window. She hears the front door shut, then turns around.)*

litefoot: Nobody out there now! Fellow must have got wind of...

*(He breaks off mid-sentence with a groan. There is a rustling sound in the hall.)*

leela: Professor?

*(She goes towards the door.)*

Are you there, Professor?

*(She is almost at the door when it swings open. mr. sin is standing there, a knife glinting evilly in his hand. He moves purposefully towards leela. For a moment she is frozen with fear, then she grabs a carving knife from the side-table. As mr. sin moves stiffly towards her, she hurls the knife at him, with expert precision. It thuds into mr. sin's throat but, to leela's amazement, it seems to have little effect. The weird little mannequin continues to shuffle towards her.)*

## *3. Professor Litefoot's Hall.*

*(li h'sen chang examines the inert figure of professor litefoot. Suddenly, he hears someone whistling as they approach the house and he swiftly exits.)*

## *4. Professor Litefoot's Porch.*

*(Whistling softly to himself, the doctor crunches up the drive towards the house. li h'sen chang is hiding in some bushes. He has a gun in his hand.)*

## *5. Professor Litefoot's Dining Room.*

*(mr. sin has leela cornered. Another step and the mannequin will have reached her. Its wooden face is implacable. As it takes the final step, leela*

*does a leap past it onto the dining table and dives headlong through the curtains across the window bay.)*

*6. Outside Professor Litefoot's House.*

*(There is a crash of splintering glass. the doctor, approaching the door, ducks instinctively. At the same instant, li h'sen chang fires twice and misses. the doctor runs towards the edge of the house, where leela is crouched.)*

leela: Doctor...

the doctor: Sshhh!

leela: Doctor...

the doctor: Sshhh!

leela: Doctor...

the doctor: Sshhh!

*(chang is standing alert, eyes straining for any movement in the darkness.)*

chang: Sin!

*7. Professor Litefoot's Dining Room.*

*(mr. sin turns and waddles out. The carving knife is still embedded in the mannequin's throat.)*

*8. Outside Professor Litefoot's House.*

*(the doctor and leela are crouched in the shrubbery. the doctor whispers in leela's ear.)*

the doctor: Where's Litefoot?

leela: He went out. He said he'd seen a Chinaman outside the window.

the doctor: And you jumped through it?

leela: Something like that.

the doctor: Stay here.

*(He rises silently and leaves. chang is carrying mr. sin in one hand and the revolver in the other. He knows that the odds are now stacked against him. Dangerous even in retreat, he backs away from the porch. Meanwhile, the doctor is climbing into the house through a back window. leela is still crouched in the shrubbery, listening intently. Suddenly there is the*

*crunching of wheels on the driveway. leela straightens, and stares as the shadowy, unlit hansom cab rounds the bend and draws to a halt outside the house. chang leaps out of the shadows and wrenches open the door. Even as he does so, the driver cracks his whip and the cab accelerates in an arc back into the night. leela runs towards the cab and, with a desperate leap, manages to cling on to the back step of the cab. A makeshift club in his hands, the doctor comes running from the porch, but he is too late. The cab has vanished and the drum of hoofbeats are fading into the distance.)*

the doctor: Leela? Leela, no don't! Leela!

*(He stares around and, with mounting horror, realises what she has done.)*

### *9. Professor Litefoot's Dining Room.*

*(the doctor enters, carrying a bag of ice.)*

the doctor: Ice!

*(He places it on litefoot's forehead.)*

litefoot: The sheer criminal effrontary! Things are coming to a pretty pass when ruffians will attack a man in his own home!

the doctor: Mm... well, they were Chinese ruffians.

litefoot: I wonder what they intended?

the doctor: Robbery?

litefoot: Well, yes. I've some pretty valuable things here... That K'ang-hsi vase for instance... my family brought that back from Peking... or that Chinese puzzle box.

*(the doctor has moved over to the cabinet and is closely examining it.)*

the doctor: Yes.

litefoot: That doesn't open. Chap spent a week here once looking for a secret spring.

the doctor: Fused molecules.

litefoot: No, no, no, no, no! Lacquered bronze.

the doctor: Extraordinary... it's from this planet!

litefoot: A parting gift from the Emperor.

the doctor: Technology this advanced.... Ah, got it! Well of course, that's the answer!

litefoot: What the dickens are you raving about, Doctor?

the doctor: Weng-Chiang.

litefoot: Weng-Chiang?

the doctor: Weng-Chiang. I do hope that girl Leela isn't in danger!

10. *The Theatre Cellar.*

*(li h'sen chang raps his signal. The flagstone grates open. He descends the ladder and the flagstone closes. leela is watching from behind the stairs. She steals forward, trying to see where he has gone. There is a murmur of voices from below.)*

11. *Greel's Chamber.*

greel: I will not tolerate failure!

*(A cleaver smashes down into a bloody length of meat.)*

chang: There has been no failure, Lord.

greel: Then where is the Time Cabinet?

chang: The house is marked. When night returns, my brothers in the Band of Death will strike.

greel: I put no trust in your dockyard riff-raff.

*(He carries the meat across the chamber.)*

chang: Lord, for your glory, they would die willingly!

greel: Opium-sodden scum. Strike!

*(li h'sen chang strikes at a large gong. greel pulls a lever and a panel in the wall opens. Stout bars cover the opening, behind which is the dark blackness of a sewer.)*

chang: Lord, I promise you shall have the great Cabinet of Weng-Chiang before another dawn.

greel: I had better! I grow weary of this hole in the ground.

*(GREEL pushes the meat between the bars and turns.)*

chang: You are safe here, Lord.

greel: Safe? It is a trap! And I was seen returning to it.

chang: Tonight?

greel: Yes! And now he knows where I am, he will be back.

chang: Who?

greel: By your description. the one you have already failed to kill.

chang: The Doctor! I knew he was a danger..

greel: Listen, Li-H'sen!

*(There is a thunderous squeal and a heavy scuffling sound. A giant rat hits the bars behind them and its jaws snap hungrily at the meat, dragging it*

*away. There is more frenzied squealing as the meat is devoured.)*

The beasts of darkness! I have made them larger and more savage than lions.

*(The effort has been too much for him, and he lowers himself slowly into a chair, coughing.)*

Yes, yes the Doctor is a danger... and he was brought to my door by your blundering. You see what it means, Li H'sen?

chang: He will die.

greel: The list of your failures is growing. I must be ready to move quickly. I need... strength!

chang: I will bring a girl, Lord.

greel: One will not be enough, this time. I need two fresh young donors - and I need them at once!

chang: It is not easy at this hour, Lord...

greel: No excuses! Get them!

chang: Yes, Lord.

*(His eyes glitter with resentment but he bows submissively and turns towards the ladder.)*

## *12. The Theatre Cellar.*

*(As chang climbs up out of the cellar, leela emerges from hiding.)*

## *13. Professor Litefoot's Dining Room (Day).*

*(the doctor is drawing a map on the tablecloth. He adds a final detail and sits studying it. professor litefoot enters and, yawning, draws open the curtains. He is in dressing gown and pyjamas. He looks at the doctor.)*

litefoot: Haven't you slept?

the doctor: Sleep is for tortoises.

litefoot: Any news of Miss Leela?

the doctor: Not yet.

litefoot: Perhaps we should inform the police.

the doctor: There are already nine missing girls on their list.

litefoot: Oh, but surely missing under very different circumstances.

the doctor: No! If my suspicions are correct, then I know what those poor girls were used

for and it's hard to imagine a more grisly fate. He's a blackguard!

litefoot: Who's a blackguard?

the doctor: I don't know who's a blackguard! Some slaver, gangrenous vampire comes out of the sewers and stalks this city at night! He's a blackguard. I've got to find his lair and I haven't got an hour to lose. Look, you see, I've been trying to trace the line of the sewers. That's the Thames. This is the line of the Fleet. And that... is the Palace Theatre!

litefoot: I'm beginning to see what you're getting at.

the doctor: Good. Good!

litefoot: Yes. Well er... if you've finished with the tablecloth, I think I'd better dispose of that before my housekeeper arrives!

the doctor: Right.

litefoot: How do you know the course of the Fleet? It's been covered for centuries.

the doctor: I caught a salmon there once... would have hung over the sides of this table. Shared it with the Venerable Bede, he adored fish!

*(litefoot gives the doctor a very strange look. He folds the tablecloth and takes it out. the doctor stands in thought.)*

#### *14. Professor Litefoot's Porch.*

*(professor litefoot puts the tablecloth into a basket.)*

the doctor (oov): Professor..

*(litefoot goes back inside.)*

#### *15. Professor Litefoot's Dining Room.*

the doctor: ... you don't happen to have an elephant gun, do you?

litefoot: Elephants?

the doctor: Mmm.

litefoot: *(laughing)* Why on earth do you want an elephant gun?

the doctor: We are about to embark on a very dangerous mission.

litefoot: Well, I've a Chinese fowling-piece, if that's any good.

*(He opens a case to show the doctor.)*

Used for duck, mainly!

*(He hands the doctor an antique barrel loader.)*

the doctor: Made in Birmingham.... Yes, that's the main requirement. Could you get me a small boat?

litefoot: I imagine so. May I ask the purpose of these preparations?

the doctor: Yes... to find the confluence of the Thames and the Fleet, Professor. Then to follow the Fleet...

*(He sights the gun through the window.)*

litefoot: And then?

the doctor: Oh, and then we shall see.

*16. A Street.*

*(A cab stops. li h'sen chang stands, watching, in the dawn mist. leela is peering over a wall at him. teresa, a lady of the night, gets down from the cab and pays the driver.)*

teresa: Ta, ducks!

*(The cab rattles off. teresa looks in her handbag for her door-key. chang steps up behind her. teresa looks around in alarm.)*

teresa: Oh!

chang: Pleasant are the dreams of mornings..

teresa: You gave me a turn, dearie!

chang: ... fresh as dew and bright with promise.

teresa: Yeah, well that's how you might see it, Mr. Chin Chin, but as far as I am concerned, all I want is a pair of smoked kippers, a cup of rosie, and put me plates up for a few hours. Savvy?

chang: Budding lotus of the dawn, despicable Chang has other ideas.

*(chang smiles and stares at her. Suddenly his eyes light up.)*

teresa: Well, I can tell you what to do with your ideas...

*(She falters and stops, hypnotised. chang takes her arm and leads her away.)*

chang: You will come with me.

*(They walk off up the street. leela has seen all this. She follows.)*

*17. Chang's Dressing Room.*

*(chang brings teresa in and sits her down.)*



chang:

Await my return.

*(He turns to leave.)*

*18. Backstage at the Theatre.*

*(leela dodges back into hiding as li h'sen chang steps out of the dressing room. He starts moving in her direction and then suddenly checks at the sound of raucous female laughter.)*

*19. The Theatre Auditorium.*

*(chang looks round. The cleaners, with buckets and brushes, have started work on the auditorium. The curtain moves and chang looks out at a young girl cleaning near the stage.)*

*20. Chang's Dressing Room.*

*(leela bends over teresa and studies her face. She waves a hand in front of the woman's eyes. There is no response.)*

leela:

The spell of the Shaman..

*(She glances round the room and, seeing a cupboard, goes over to open it. It is empty and leela gets an idea.)*

*21. Backstage at the Theatre.*

*(chang's eyes light up once more and one of the cleaning ladies becomes his latest victim.)*

*22. The Theatre Dressing Room.*

*(Dressed in teresa's clothes, leela sits in the chair, feathers arranged to conceal her face. chang enters.)*

chang:

Come.

*(leela does not move.)*

I said come!

*(When leela rises, he seizes her wrist and drags her out of the room. As they leave, the cupboard door swings open to reveal teresa's inert body.)*

### 23. Backstage at the Theatre.

*(chang pulls leela into the corridor, where one of the cleaning girls is standing in a trance.)*

chang: Come, you painted drabs! My master must feed...

*(He grasps the girl by her wrist and, still holding onto leela, drags both of them away.)*

### 24. The River.

*(On the river is a small boat. A waterman is rowing and the doctor, gun across his knees, sits in the stern facing professor litefoot. The boat is nosing along under a high wharf and begins to rock dangerously as the doctor jumps up and points.)*

the doctor: There it is! Fifty yards ahead.

litefoot: Sit down, Doctor! The man knows these waters.

*(the doctor sits down with a grin. As always, he is in good humour when confronted with an intellectual challenge.)*

the doctor: I've always enjoyed messing about in boats!

litefoot: I think this entire enterprise extremely rash and ill considered.

the doctor: My dear Litefoot, I've got a lantern, a pair of waders, and possibly the most fearsome piece of hand artillery in all England. What could possibly go wrong?

litefoot: Well, that, for a start.

*(litefoot indicates the fowling piece.)*

It hasn't been fired for fifty years. If you try to use it, it'll probably explode in your face.

the doctor: Explode? Unthinkable! It was made in Birmingham! Tie up over there, skipper.

*(The waterman prepares to tie up beside a grill set in the bricked side of the river.)*

### 25. Greel's Chamber.

*(li h'sen chang faces the girls.)*

chang: You will hear the commands of my master, Weng-Chiang... and obey.

*(greel has been busy with his experiments. But now he leaves his apparatus and comes over. leela is covertly studying her surroundings.)*

greel: Where did you get them?

*(He examines leela.)*

chang: Are they unsuitable, Lord?

greel: They're not the best but they'll do. They're young! Their life essence is still strong.

*(He squeezes leela's arms.)*

Argh! This one has muscles like a horse.

chang: I took what I could find, Lord.

greel: I have given you knowledge, I have made you a leader among your fellows. All I have asked for in return is a few contemptible slatterns who will never be missed.

chang: But they are missed, Lord. And because your need is so great, I have been forced to move unwisely.

greel: Unwisely?

*(chang indicates the cleaning girl.)*

chang: I took this one from the rooms above. Nobody saw, but it will bring the police even nearer.

greel: It is of no consequence. Once I have the Time Cabinet, I can move from here.

*(He points towards the cleaning girl.)*

Now, put this one in the distillation chamber!

chang: Yes, Lord.

greel: Leave me to my work.

*(greel turns towards leela.)*

greel: I shall not keep you waiting long.

## *26. A Sewer.*

*(the doctor enters the tunnel and lights his lantern. professor litefoot's voice echoes down the tunnel.)*

litefoot (oov): All right, Doctor?

the doctor: All right, Professor!

litefoot (oov): I'll wait for you for two hours, then!

the doctor: Yes, no more! If I'm still in here at high tide...

litefoot (oov): Yes?

the doctor: Don't bother!

litefoot (oov):

Oh! Well, good luck!

*(the doctor moves off, holding the lantern in one hand and the gun in the other.)*

### 27. Greel's Chamber.

*(The cleaning girl is positioned on the machine. greel adjusts various controls. He makes a final check and pulls a switch. The machine begins to pulsate and the girl vanishes in a swirl of red light. He makes some further adjustments but, as he does, leela jumps on him. greel goes down under her weight but fights back with surprising strength. They roll over and over, each struggling for supremacy, before leela gets the better of greel at last, and the monster suddenly goes limp beneath her. She releases her hold on his throat and, getting up, goes back over to the apparatus. She pushes a switch and the machinery starts to run down. However, it is clearly too late to save the unfortunate girl. Behind leela, greel is recovering. Seeing this, leela goes to the ladder and looks for the lever that controls the flagstone entrance above. greel reaches for a weapon and aims. leela is on the ladder but jumps from it just as greel fires. A chunk is blasted from the patch in the wall where leela had been, moments before. She rolls forward, keeping the bench between herself and greel who now manoeuvres for a second shot. He is weak from the struggle but still dangerous. leela spots a large hole where a culvert enters the chamber. She dives for it and manages to escape into the sewer.)*

### 28. Inside the Sewer.

*(greel roars with fury and stares into the darkness behind leela, who is pressed into a niche in the damp stonework. She can hear greel but cannot see him.)*

### 29. Greel's Chamber.

*(greel thinks better of following leela into the darkness. Snarling and cursing, he drags himself back across the chamber and strikes the gong repeatedly.)*

greel:

When my beauties find her... she will wish she had died here!

*(He operates the control which lowers a steel shutter over the culverts.)*

### 30. The Sewer.

*(leela splashes forward into the darkness. From somewhere behind her, a grunting noise can be heard.)*

*31. Another Part of the Sewer.*

*(the doctor hears the noise and holds up his lantern. He carefully studies his surroundings before moving on.)*

*32. Professor Lifefoot's House.*

*(Two Chinese men push a small handcart up the driveway. They carry a laundry basket into the porch, remove the basket of dirty laundry, load it onto their cart and rapidly make their exit.)*

*33. On the River.*

*(In the distance, a clock strikes the hour. Sitting in the boat, professor lifefoot checks his watch.)*

*34. Backstage at the Theatre.*

*(teresa comes shakily out of li h'sen chang's room. She holds her head and looks round dazedly. casey is nearby and he spots her.)*

casey: Hey, you! What's your business here?

teresa: Business? Where the devil am I?

casey: Oh, you wouldn't be knowing?

teresa: What happened to me last night? I can't remember a thing!

casey: Now look. If there's anything missing, I'll remember you, sure enough! Now you come on, get on out of here...

teresa: Here, get your hands off of me - I'm a lady!

*(JAGO comes up.)*

jago: What's the trouble, Casey?

casey: No trouble, Mr. Jago. I'm just seeing this... lady off the premises.

teresa: Oh, my Lord! It was him! It was him!

*(She is staring at a poster of LI H'SEN CHANG.)*

jago: Mr. Chang? What are you talking about?

teresa: Quick! Let me out of this place! Let me go!

*(She runs out of the stage door and it bangs shut behind her. casey and jago look at each other, quizzically.)*

jago: Another case of the screaming oopizootics. I'll bear that in mind.

casey: What?

jago: It might have some relevance to the matter in hand.

casey: What matter?

jago: The investigation, Casey! These missing females. I have made the acquaintance of a very high-up gentleman and amateur investigator who has been called in personally by the Yard... Scotland Yard... and I am assisting him!

casey: No!

jago: I am. He has told me to watch, Casey. And I am watching. Everywhere.

*(jago goes off. casey stares after him in amazement. li h'sen chang has been watching and listening from nearby.)*

### *35. The Sewer.*

*(leela still splashes on. She stops and listens. In the distance, she can hear the hunting cry of the giant rat. leela starts to run.)*

### *36. Further Along in the Sewer.*

*(the doctor, too, has heard the giant rat's cry. He listens and moves carefully forward.)*

### *37. Greel's Chamber.*

*(greel is venting his rage on li h'sen chang.)*

greel: You incompetent fool! She was a tigress.

chang: She substituted herself for the woman I had found. The police must be closing in.

greel: My rats will dispose of her. But you, Li-H'sen, have made too many mistakes!

chang: That girl... she was with the Doctor. It is not the police! It is he who sent her.

greel: Vain excuses. You have failed me! You know that until I have the Time Cabinet, I can never be whole again - never escape from this hideous condition. Yet, knowing this, you still failed me.

chang: Lord, hear me! I would lay down my life in your service...

greel: You are dismissed, Li-H'sen. I can no longer leave my fate to your blundering

hands.

chang: Great One, let me find this Doctor! Let me strike him down for the harm he has done you.

greel: Do not beg. You have proved unworthy. Go!

*(chang makes an obeisance.)*

chang: I await your commands, Lord.

greel: Go!

*(chang retreats. With an effort, greel, operates the control that transfers the life essence into him.)*

### *38. The Sewer.*

*(leela is now running in blind panic: stumbling, falling and racing on, the febrile screaming of the rat growing ever nearer.)*

### *39. Further Back in the Sewer.*

*(The giant rat darts forward, its mouth slavering as it nears its prey.)*

### *40. Nearby in the Sewer.*

*(the doctor can hear the rat bearing down upon him. He hears it splashing down the central channel of the sewer, its crazed blood-cries echoing and re-echoing through the tunnels. He sets his lantern up on a ledge and takes aim with his gun.)*

### *42. In the Sewer.*

*(leela shoots a desperate glance behind. She sees the rat almost upon her and, in desperation, flings herself forward round the next bend.)*

### *43. Nearby in the Sewer.*

*(the doctor is poised, his finger on the trigger of his gun. leela staggers into sight around the bend. She falls to the ground and gives a despairing cry as she is grabbed from behind. The rat's jaws close on her leg and it starts to drag her back round the bend of the sewer. She screams in agony.)*

# EPISODE FOUR

## *1. The Sewer.*

*(leela is now running in blind panic: stumbling, falling and racing on, the febrile screaming of the rat growing ever nearer.)*

## *2. Further Back in the Sewer.*

*(The giant rat darts forward, its mouth slavering as it nears its prey.)*

## *3. Nearby in the Sewer.*

*(the doctor can hear the rat bearing down upon him. He hears it splashing down the central channel of the sewer, its crazed blood-cries echoing and re-echoing through the tunnels. He sets his lantern up on a ledge and takes aim with his gun.)*

## *4. The Sewer.*

*(leela shoots a desperate glance behind. She sees the rat almost upon her and, in desperation, flings herself forward round the next bend.)*

## *5. Nearby in the Sewer.*

*(the doctor is poised, his finger on the trigger of his gun. leela staggers into sight around the bend. She falls to the ground and gives a despairing cry as she is grabbed from behind. The rat's jaws close on her leg and it starts to drag her back round the bend of the sewer. She screams in agony. the doctor tries desperately to get a clear shot at the beast. He aims and fires. The shot produces a great billow of smoke. As it slowly clears, he sees leela lying motionless in the watery filth of the sewer. The rat lies on its side, only its blood-smeared gaping jaws visible.)*

the doctor: Leela? Leela are you all right?

leela: Oh... thank you Doctor! Yes I am all right - just bruised.

the doctor: You were lucky.

leela: I deserve death! I had the chance to kill our enemy, Doctor, and I failed.

the doctor: Which enemy?

leela: The yellow one calls him Lord. He lives in a cave beneath the theatre.



*(She turns.)*

Come, I will show you!

*(In the distance, another rat roars.)*

the doctor: This gun takes about half an hour to load. Let's go this way!  
*(He leads leela back down the sewer.)*

*6. Backstage at the Theatre.*

jago: Casey, I'm about to repair for half a foot of port. Mrs. Samuelson in yet?

casey: Not seen her, Mr. Jago.

jago: Well, you tell her I want the girls' frillies smartening up! They looked like a fit-up company last night. One of them had a Jacob's ladder as long as my arm! Look at that! You tell her.

casey: Yes, Mr. Jago.

*(As jago goes to the door to leave, he runs into li h'sen chang as the Chinese is entering.)*

jago: Ah, Mr. Chang! Back again, already. I shall have to start charging you rent, what?

chang: There are many things to prepare before the performance.

jago: Of course, Mr. Chang, yes! The art that conceals, eh? Tell me, er... last night...  
*(He hesitates.)*

chang: Last night?

jago: I'm working too hard. Too much in the old brain-box, that's a fact! But er... we talked about a new contract but I've quite forgotten how we left matters.

chang: I'm considering your new offer.

jago: Ah. I see. Splendid! A... a generous offer?

chang: Merely reasonable. Tonight, incidentally, I shall be appearing without Mr. Sin.

jago: Oh, why is that? Just making a change?

chang: Mr. Sin is indisposed.

*(jago laughs.)*

jago: Very droll! I shall treasure that exceedingly humorous jest, Mr. Chang.

*(jago exits. chang goes towards his room but, as he does so, jago re-enters.)*

Oh, Mr. Chang! I suppose the little fellow's got a touch of woodworm, what?  
*(He laughs again and exits.)*

7. *Professor Litefoot's Dining Room.*

*(the doctor is examining the Time Cabinet. leela is sitting in front of the fire, swaddled in a blanket.)*

the doctor: Say that again!

leela: Mm?

the doctor: Say that again.

leela: She was dead. Her skin was dry, like... like old leaves. It was something the machine did to her.

the doctor: Like old leaves? Sounds like an organic distillation plant. The life essence.

leela: That's what he called it.

the doctor: Did he?

leela: Well, he seemed to know what he was talking about.

the doctor: Well, he doesn't! He's a madman.

*(professor litefoot enters. carrying several parcels. He gives them to leela.)*

litefoot: Here we are! Your outfit, my dear.

leela: Oh, thank you, Professor!

*(leela starts to open the top-most parcel but litefoot hurriedly interjects.)*

litefoot: No. no, not here! Mrs. Hudson's waiting upstairs. She'll help you change. Hope it's suitable.

*(leela goes out carrying the parcels. the doctor is examining the cabinet again. litefoot pulls out his pipe.)*

Dashed embarrassing business, eh?

the doctor: Mm?

litefoot: Never done it before.

the doctor: What?

litefoot: Choosing togs for a girl. Quite apart from the er... rum things they wear, you have to be jolly careful it's the right fashion! Clothes matter to women.

the doctor: They do?

litefoot: Still trying to open it, are you?

the doctor: Yes, I'm trying to place the period. It can only be opened by a key of the correct molecular combination.

*(litefoot is completely baffled.)*

litefoot: That a fact?

the doctor: Yes!

litefoot: What were you saying when I came in - something about a madman?

the doctor: Yes, he's probably got the key.

litefoot: Who?

the doctor: Well, presumably he's calling himself Weng-Chiang.

litefoot: Weng-Chiang was one of the ancient Chinese gods!

the doctor: I know that Professor. I know. And he probably arrived in this contraption.

litefoot: It was a gift to Mama from his Highness, T'ungchi. We came home in 'Seventy-Three so it's been in the family quite some years now.

the doctor: Then you're very lucky, Professor, he hasn't traced it before now!

litefoot: Weng-Chiang?

the doctor: Weng...

*(leela comes in looking pleased.)*

leela: Do you like it?

the doctor: Yes, charming! Isn't it charming, Professor?

litefoot: Quite delightful.

the doctor: I'll be proud to take you to the theatre looking like that!

leela: We're going to the theatre?

the doctor: I have an appointment at the Palace Theatre tonight, and if you're very good, I'll buy you an orange.

*8. Backstage at the Theatre (Night).*

*(A little worse for drink, jago re-enters and is stopped by casey.)*

casey: I told her.

jago: What?

casey: Mrs. Samuelson! Told her what you said.

jago: Ah, good.

casey: Didn't like it!

jago: I don't care, Casey. I'm not concerned with what Mrs. Samuelson likes!

casey: She mentioned money matters. She wants a word with you.

jago: That woman is a bloodsucker. She's trying to ruin me!

casey: Now then. she says...

jago: Don't tell me. Casey, I'm an artiste. Every night at this time I feel like an old warhorse scenting the smoke of the battlefield! As the house fills, the blood starts tingling through my veins. My public is out there waiting for me. I can't talk about money at a time like this!

casey: But you don't *do* anything, Mr. Jago.

jago: I... I announce the acts! I count the tickets. I smile at people! You've no idea the strain it puts on a fellow. Furthermore, she spent seventeen and thru'pence on the wardrobe last week! Any sign of the Doctor yet?

casey: Who?

jago: My collaborator and fellow sleuth. Oh, well, he'll be here tonight, keeping observation, Casey. I'll lay a guinea to a gooseberry on it!

(li h'sen chang *has been eavesdropping but now he hurries away.*)

### *9. The Theatre Dressing Room.*

(li h'sen chang *enters. He takes a small gun from the dressing-table drawer, and starts to load it with bullets.*)

### *10. Professor Litefoot's Dining Room.*

(the doctor *and* leela *are engrossed in a game of draughts.*)

litefoot (*oov*): Your cab's here!

the doctor: Good.

litefoot: You'll need your coats! It's getting thick again.

the doctor: Mm. You've passed word to the police?

litefoot: Oh yes, yes, they've posted a man outside.

(the doctor *takes* leela's *final three pieces with one move.*)

the doctor: Good. Lock and bolt the door after us. And keep your gun handy. Come on!

litefoot: What? You really think those scoundrels will come back?

the doctor: They might, they might! They'll do anything to get their hands on that cabinet.

litefoot: Well, don't you worry, Doctor. By shots, I'll be ready for them! They won't catch George Litefoot napping a second time.

### *11. Outside Professor Litefoot's House.*

(the doctor *helps* leela *into the cab.*)

the doctor: The Palace Theatre, cabby. And make it snappy!

driver: Go on! Go on!

*(The cab rattles off down the drive. The patrolling policeman salutes.)*

*12. Greel's Chamber.*

*(greel is obviously a lot stronger than before. He is busy packing pieces of equipment, including the stone pendant, into a carpet bag. Suddenly there is a knock on the flagstone above. greel pulls the lever to open the shaft.)*

greel: What is it?

*13. The Theatre Cellar.*

*(li h'sen chang stands by the opening to talk to greel.)*

chang: Your servant, Master.

greel (oov): Go away! I have work to attend to.

chang: Lord, I have heard that the strange infidel, the Doctor... will be here soon. Is it still your wish that I should kill him?

*14. Greel's Chamber.*

greel: I think it more likely that he will kill you.

*15. The Theatre Cellar.*

*(li h'sen chang is at the opening.)*

chang: No, Lord. I have plan. I will kill him as sacrifice to appease the wrath of my god, Weng-Chiang. To prove that I, above all others, am your true servant.

*16. Greel's Chamber.*

greel: You no longer serve me, Li-H'sen! I shall take my own measures. You do what you will. Now go!

*17. On Stage at the Theatre.*

*(jago and casey are peeping through the lowered curtains.)*

jago: You owe me a gooseberry, Casey. There he is! In the box... see?

casey: He don't look like a detective to me.

jago: Well, he's not going to wear a brown derby and boots, is he? A secret investigator like him, a man of a thousand faces?

casey: Who's the girl?

jago: Window dressing. Part of his disguise. Tell you what I think, I'll just pop up and tell him we're all on the Q.V. down here. Have you set the star trap yet?

casey: Not yet, Mr. Jago!

jago: Then you'd better get on with it, hadn't you, unless you want to ruin Mr. Chang's act for him?

casey: It's that cellar, Mr. Jago.

*(jago is already hurrying away.)*

*18. A Theatre Box.*

*(the doctor and leela are in the box. leela is staring round the theatre with great curiosity. the doctor is reading the programme. jago enters from behind and crouches down beside them. leela hears his approach and jumps round in surprise.)*

jago: Pssst!

the doctor: *(without turning)* Good evening, Mr. Jago!

jago: Pleasure to welcome you, sir! And your charming companion.

the doctor: Thank you! Are you quite comfortable down there?

jago: Oh, I know the value of discretion in matters like this, Doctor. May I ask if you've come to any further deductions?

the doctor: Oh quite a few... quite a few...

jago: Ah! I thought as much when I saw you here. I take it you're on the point of solving the mystery of the missing girls?

the doctor: I'm expecting further developments very soon, Mr. Jago!

jago: Ah... well, if you need any help Doctor, I hope I know where my duty lies.

the doctor: I knew I could rely on you.

jago: To the limit! Though I suppose you've got your own men scattered throughout the audience.

the doctor: No.

jago: No? You mean nobody?

the doctor: Nobody! When the moment comes, Mr. Jago, you and I can face our destiny

shoulder to shoulder.

jago:

Oh, corks!

*19. Professor Litefoot's Dining Room.*

*(professor litefoot is reading a magazine. After a moment he gets up and goes to the window. He draws aside the curtain and looks out.)*

*20. Outside Professor Litefoot's House.*

*(The solid figure of the police constable can be seen patrolling by the front door.)*

*21. Professor Litefoot's Dining Room.*

*(Reassured, professor litefoot drops the curtain. He goes over to stir the fire with a poker and then sits down again with his magazine.)*

*22. A Theatre Box.*

*(the doctor and leela are looking down at the stage. A woman is leading the audience in a chorus of 'Daisy, Daisy'.)*

leela: Do we need to give the responses?  
the doctor: There's no obligation.  
leela: When shall we go and look for the cave-creature?  
the doctor: Perhaps it'll come looking for us.

*23. The Theatre Cellar.*

*(greel climbs up into the cellar from below. Directly above, casey is busy preparing the trap door from the stage. He turns and sees greel bearing down on him.)*

casey: No!...

*24. On Stage at the Theatre.*

*(The audience is enthusiastically applauding the last act. jago stands before them.)*

jago: The Sheffield song-thrush! Last time she was here, there were eggs all over the stage. Now, ladies and gentlemen, it is my great privilege to introduce to you, in his extended season here at the Palace, the first of two appearances this evening. Someone whose legendary legerdemain has entranced and entertained all the crowned heads of Europe! Here to baffle and bewilder... in his eclectic extravaganza of efflorescent ectoplasm... that master magician... from the Orient... Li H'sen Chang!

*(jago points to the centre of the stage and, in a flash of light and a cloud of smoke, li h'sen chang appears. jago exits, while chang bows to the audience. lee comes on with a table containing a pack of cards and the gun.)*

chang: First tlick velly simple.

*(He removes his outer gown, rolls it up and tosses it towards the wings. The gown vanishes in a puff of smoke and a shower of silver sparks. lee hands him the pack of cards.)*

Next tlick velly simple. Will someone take cards please? You sir, catchee...

*(The magician throws the pack up at the doctor, who catches it.)*

chang: Now sir, please to assist humble Chang by selecting any card...

## *25. The Theatre Box.*

*(the doctor holds up a card.)*

chang *(oov)*: Ace of Diamonds. Please to hold card in air so everyone see. Now sir, please to return card to pack any place. Honourable gentleman, please to hold pack of playing cards between finger and thumb.

*(the doctor does as instructed.)*

## *26. On Stage.*

li h'sen chang: Chang will now shoot magic bullet through Ace of Diamonds without hitting other cards.

*(lee hands him the gun.)*

Please to keep velly still.

*(He takes aim.)*

## *27. The Theatre Box.*

leela: Doctor...



28. *On Stage.*

*(li h'sen chang takes aim, his eyes glittering. The audience tenses as it waits for the gun's report, then gasps when the doctor moves the pack towards his face. chang lowers the gun and turns to the audience.)*

chang:

Please to keep velly quiet. Chang shoot fifteen peasants learning this tlick.

*(He turns quickly and fires.)*

Now sir, please look for Ace of Diamonds.

29. *The Theatre Box.*

*(the doctor pulls the Ace of Diamonds from the pack and holds it up. There is a hole in the centre. The audience applauds.)*

the doctor:

Oh very good! Very good! Wasn't that good! Anything else?

30. *On Stage.*

chang:

Honourable gentleman, please to bring cards to stage. I have further demonstlation requiring nerves of steel.

*(lee brings on an ornate Chinese cabinet.)*

31. *Outside Professor Litefoot's House.*

*(The policeman is still patrolling up and down outside the house. A group of Chinese flit soundlessly towards the house. Outside the door the policeman pauses, thinking he has heard something. A hatchet whistles out of the darkness and hits him between the shoulders. He goes down without a sound. The Tong members converge on the house.)*

32. *Professor Litefoot's Hall.*

*(The lid of the laundry basket starts to rise. It opens and mr. sin climbs out.)*

33. *Professor Litefoot's Dining Room.*

*(professor litefoot is dozing in his chair. A book which he has been reading falls from his hands.)*

### 34. Professor Litefoot's Hall.

*(mr. sin walks stiffly down the hall towards the dining room.)*

### 35. On Stage at the Theatre.

*(li h'sen chang is demonstrating the sound construction of the cabinet to the audience.)*

chang: I will now ask my eager volunteer, kindly to step into the cabinet of death...

*(the doctor steps into the cabinet. lee and chang close the doors. They turn the cabinet round and, unknown to them, the doctor slips quietly out the back and offstage. The audience laughs and someone yells 'behind you'; but chang does not realise at first what has happened. As soon as he does, he attempts to recover the situation.)*

The bird has flown. One of us is yellow.

*(lee steps into the cabinet as a replacement for the doctor.)*

If you will now pay close attention, ladies and gentlemen...

*(He appears to pluck a sword from thin air. He thrusts the sword through the cabinet. lee is still inside the cabinet and realises that casey has not operated the trap door in the stage as planned. He gives a cry of panic. chang plucks a second sword from the air and bangs the stage with it anxiously.)*

### 36. The Theatre Cellar.

*(greel looks up at the banging noise. He hesitates and then pulls the trap door lever. lee slides down the ladder with evident relief. He turns, sees greel and falls prostrate to the floor. greel stares up towards the trap.)*

greel: So. The great magician!

### 37. On Stage.

*(li h'sen chang is sure the cabinet is empty now. He is producing swords with remarkable speed and is stabbing each one through the cabinet.)*

chang: In my country this is known as the death of a thousand cuts!

*(He turns to get another sword, and discovers the doctor onstage again. the doctor hands him a sword. chang thrusts the final sword into the cabinet and turns the cabinet around so that the audience can see the swords have passed completely through it. There is a build up of music from the orchestra as chang starts to remove the swords one by one.)*

I will now ask my new volunteer kindly to assist in opening the cabinet.

*(He turns to take a bow as the doctor opens the cabinet. Casey falls out, stone dead, and the audience screams in horror at the sight.)*

38. Backstage.

jago: The curtain! Quick, drop the curtain!

39. On Stage.

*(The curtain falls. The orchestra strikes up very loudly. the doctor is bent over Casey as jago runs up. li h'sen chang is staring, dumbstruck.)*

jago: What happened?

the doctor: Dead! He died of a fright.

*(A small knot of people are on the stage now. chang, unnoticed, slips away.)*

jago: Poor Casey. He's worked here for years..

*(He goes through the curtain. leela arrives as the doctor stares around.)*

leela: Doctor, what happened? Did Chang kill him?

the doctor: No, Chang was as surprised as anyone... Where's he gone?

40. Greel's Chamber.

*(li h'sen chang steps down from the ladder.)*

chang: Are you here, master? This is your servant Li H'sen...

*(He strikes a match and lights a lamp. As it illuminates the gloomy chamber, chang takes in all the signs of greel's hasty departure.)*

Answer me, Lord... If you are here. answer me.. He has gone! Weng-Chiang, Lord of Greatness, has deserted me...

*(He has sunk to his knees and hears a sound behind him. He turns in sudden hope.)*

Lord...?

*(He stares up at the doctor and leela.)*

the doctor: You've been left to carry the can, Chang.

*(chang raises a hand to his mouth. the doctor dives at him and wrenches the ring from his finger.)*

No poison tonight! There are questions to answer.

*(chang struggles to his feet.)*

chang: I will say nothing. It is time for me to join my forefathers.

the doctor: Well, as an accomplice to murder, the police shouldn't hold you up long! Tell me about Weng-Chiang. Where did he go?

chang: Perhaps back to his great palace in the sky. I failed him... He was displeased with me...

leela: His mind is broken.

the doctor: Li H'sen. you know he's not a god, don't you?

chang: He came like a god! He appeared in a blazing cabinet of fire... I saw him and helped him. He was tired from his journey.

the doctor: Go on.

chang: He was ill for many months. I was but a humble peasant but I gave him sanctuary while the soldiers searched. I nursed him...

the doctor: The cabinet... What happened to the cabinet?

chang: The soldiers of Tung Che took it. Ever since, we have searched for the great cabinet of Weng-Chiang. The god will not be made whole until it is recovered.

jago (oov): Doctor? Are you down here?

*(He comes clattering down the ladder.)*

Well, cover me in creosote! I never knew this was here...

leela: Doctor!

*(chang has taken advantage of the distraction to make a break for it. leela dives after him. He reaches the mouth of the culvert and ducks into it as the shutter closes. the doctor arrives just in time to stop leela following him.)*

the doctor: Not this time, Leela!

leela: But he's escaping!

the doctor: There's no escape that way. He's gone to join his ancestors.

#### *41. The Sewer.*

*(li h'sen chang splashes along the water-filled channel. A giant rat is waiting in the darkness. chang stops and stares wildly around. He starts scrambling desperately back towards the chamber.)*

#### *42. Greel's Chamber.*

jago: You mean to say the celestial Chang was involved in these Machiavellian

machinations?

the doctor: Yes... up to his epicanthic eyebrows.

jago: Well, I'll go to Australia!

*(A scream from the sewer cuts through the room.)*

What in the name of heaven is that?

the doctor: You'll have to book yourself a new act tomorrow.

#### *43. The Sewer.*

*(The rat drags li h'sen chang's limp body off into the darkness.)*

#### *44. Greel's Chamber.*

the doctor: Cyanide gas might do for the brutes! Though you'd have to shut the sewers off for a day or two.

*(leela has opened a cupboard. It is full of women's clothing.)*

leela: Look at this, Doctor. That's all that's left of them...

jago: Of the missing girls? So it was Chang...

the doctor: Not Chang! His master, the crazed maniac who organised all this.

leela: Doctor, the machine's gone.

the doctor: That means he going to start up all over again somewhere else.

leela: He could be anywhere! We'll have to look for him.

the doctor: If his DNA helix has split open, the more cells he absorbs into himself, the more deformed he becomes...

leela: You mean he is like a water bag with a hole in the bottom! And the hole is getting bigger.

the doctor: Yes.

leela: What happened to make him like that?

the doctor: Perhaps because he used the cabinet. A dangerous experiment in time travel... now he'll be struggling to keep his metabolism in balance.

leela: And the rats?

the doctor: Just an experiment. He had to gauge the strength of the psionic amplification field and the rats were handy. After that, they were useful as sewer guards.

*(He heads for the ladder. leela follows.)*

jago: I've got it... See the lair of the Phantom... Conducted tours... Bob a nob... I'm on

to a fortune here!...

*(He looks up the ladder to the cellar above.)*

Hey Doctor, you're not going, are you?

45. *The Theatre Cellar.*

*(the doctor has heard jago.)*

the doctor:

Must! Things to do!

*(He whispers to leela.)*

We've got to get back to that Time Cabinet. Come on!

46. *Greel's Chamber.*

*(The rats' roars are heard again and jago jumps for the ladder.)*

47. *Professor Litefoot's Dining Room.*

*(professor litefoot is lying unconscious on the floor. The Time Cabinet is gone.)*

48. *Outside Professor Litefoot's House.*

*(The Time Cabinet is strapped to a cab. The Chinese cling to the cab's side as the driver cracks his whip and they all jolt off down the drive. Inside the cab, with greel beside him, mr. sin bursts into maniacal laughter. It echoes into the night and, as the cab disappears into the all-enveloping fog, greel howls dementedly...)*

# EPISODE FIVE

## *1. Outside Professor Litefoot's House.*

*(The Time Cabinet is strapped to a cab. The Chinese cling to the cab's side as the driver cracks his whip and they all jolt off down the drive. Inside the cab, with greel beside him, mr. sin bursts into maniacal laughter. It echoes into the night and, as the cab disappears into the all-enveloping fog, greel howls dementedly...)*

leela: Doctor!...

*(She is standing by the shrubbery. From under the bushes protrudes a pair of feet. the doctor joins her and bends briefly to examine the body of the dead policeman. He picks up the hatchet.)*

the doctor: Litefoot's got visitors!

*(They go cautiously towards the house.)*

## *2. Professor Litefoot's Hall.*

*(the doctor and leela cautiously enter the house. the doctor notices the empty laundry basket and, hatchet in hand, he enters the dining room.)*

## *3. Professor Litefoot's Dining Room.*

*(Dazed, professor litefoot is struggling to his feet. The door is flung open. litefoot turns in fear but it is the doctor and leela. the doctor casts a glance around the room, shouting out in Chinese, before he turns to litefoot.)*

the doctor: What happened?

litefoot: Chinese... dozens of them!

the doctor: What?

litefoot: Oh... the devils!

*(litefoot sinks into a chair, holding his head.)*

the doctor: Well... they got what they came for.

leela: What?

the doctor: The Time Cabinet.

litefoot: Damned scoundrels!

the doctor: Give him a drink!

*(He gestures towards a decanter. leela removes the stopper, sniffing suspiciously at the contents. She grimaces and offers the decanter to litefoot.)*

In a glass, in a glass... Professor, how did they get in?

litefoot: I've no idea! I'd locked and bolted all the doors as soon as you left.

*(leela hands him a glass.)*

Thank you, my dear!

*(the doctor goes out into the hall.)*

#### *4. In The Hall*

*(He goes over to the laundry basket, rips off the label attached to the basket, then turns back.)*

#### *5. Professor Litefoot's Dining Room.*

*(the doctor enters.)*

the doctor: Were they all Chinese?

litefoot: Tong-wallahs. Criminals. Gutter scrapings of Shanghai...

the doctor: And one midget?

litefoot: Yes. By Jove, Doctor! How on Earth did you deduce that one of my attackers was a midget?

the doctor: Elementary, my dear Litefoot. It came in the laundry basket and let the others in.

leela: The same creature that attacked me.

*(the doctor stares in sudden realisation.)*

the doctor: The Peking Homunculus!

litefoot: Who?

the doctor: Yes! The time of manufacture, its disappearance - it all fits.

leela: Doctor, what is the Peking Ho...?

the doctor: Homunculus.

leela: Homunculus.

the doctor: It was made in Peking for the Commissioner of the Icelandic Alliance. It was in the Ice Age about the year five thousand...

litefoot: Preposterous!

leela: Ssssh! Go on, Doctor.



(the doctor *glares at* litefoot.)

the doctor: The Peking Homunculus was a... was a toy, a plaything, for the Commissioner's children. It contained a series of magnetic fields operating on a printed circuit and a small computer. It had one organic component... the cerebral cortex of a pig. Anyway, something went wrong. It almost caused World War Six!

litefoot: What?

the doctor: Yes, somehow the pig part took over! So Weng-Chiang has brought the Peking Homunculus back through time... he could have done - it disappeared completely. It was never found.

(litefoot *refills his glass.*)

litefoot: 'Pon my Sam! I may have had a bang on the head, but this is a dashed queer story. Time travel?

the doctor: Unsuccessful time travel, Professor. Findecker's discovery of the double-nexus particle sent human science up a technological cul-de-sac.

(litefoot *turns to* leela.)

litefoot: Are you following this?

leela: Not a word.

the doctor: This pig-thing is still alive! It needs an operator, of course, but the mental feedback is so intense that somehow the swinish instinct has become dominant. It hates humanity and it revels in carnage!

## 6. *The Dragon Room.*

(*The Time Cabinet is carried in by a group of coolies. mr. sin is sitting limply on a small replica of a throne, his glittering black eyes fixed on greel, who goes over and runs his hands lovingly over the Time Cabinet.*)

greel: Liberation, Mr. Sin! Freedom! I can become whole again. Whole and alive! Oh, how I have dreamt of this moment. To be free of this putrefying carcass. To fashion myself anew in some distant time and place! And I can do it now, now that at last I have the Time Cabinet. I promise you, Mr. Sin, we shall not remain long among these filthy barbarians!

(*Suddenly, greel realises that something is missing.*)

But where is the bag?

(*The coolies are knelt before him. They do not answer.*)

Answer me, you fools! Where is the bag?

(*From the group, a voice mumbles.*)

ho: It was... We did not...

greel: The bag, you cow-brained oaf!

ho: It was left behind. Great Lord.

greel: What? What!

*(He lunges forward.)*

Lee! Lee! I told you to take it and to return it!

*(He kicks at them. They sprawl aside. lee rolls onto his back, trying to shield his face against the kicks. greel stares down at him.)*

I ordered you... You know the penalty for failing me! Take the sting of the scorpion.

*(greel offers a small box to the terrified coolie who takes one of the pills it contains and, with shaking hands, puts it in his mouth. He crunches down on the pill and, almost immediately, dies in agony. mr. sin laughs in maniacal pleasure.)*

### *7. Professor Litefoot's Dining Room.*

*(the doctor reads the laundry label.)*

the doctor: Rundall Buildings...

litefoot: What?

the doctor: Your laundry. Do you know the place?

litefoot: I've heard of it! Well, everyone has - the centre of one of the most noxious and evil rookeries in the East End.

the doctor: And where exactly is this disreputable quarter?

litefoot: It lies somewhere between Whitechapel and St. George's-in-the-East. A place of appalling vice and squalor! Overdue for clearance, in my opinion.

the doctor: Yes, it might be cleared very quickly.

leela: What do you mean?

the doctor: Weng-Chiang is a scientific ignoramus. He doesn't understand the nature of zygma energy.

litefoot: Zygma energy?

the doctor: Yes! The power source of the Time Cabinet is a zygma beam. At the moment it's like a piece of elastic, fully-stretched. And if Weng-Chiang tampers with it...

leela: Then he must be stopped! Do you think he has gone to this laundry?

the doctor: Well, there's only one way to find out. Litefoot, I want you to stay here. Come on.

litefoot: Doctor, you can't take a young woman into that foulness! At this hour of night, she'll witness the vilest scenes of depravity and degradation.

the doctor: Nothing as vile as Weng-Chiang himself, Professor!

(the doctor *and* leela *head for the door.*)

#### 8. The Theatre Cellar.

(jago *is busy contemplating his new business venture.*)

jago: Think large, Henry Jago - think large! A shilling a head, I must be crazy! A guinea a head! Conducted tours round the lair of The Phantom! I'll lead them myself, and modestly mention the part I played in the affair. The ladies will swoon in my arms. Oh, it's a winner, it's a beauty. I'll go bail!... I'll clear out all this old junk, call in the Electric Lighting Company...

(*Moving some pieces of junk, he uncovers a carpet bag. He stares at it in surprise.*)

What in the name of heavens is...?

(*He opens the bag and starts to examine its contents. Suddenly there is a noise from the chamber below. He casts an uneasy glance over his shoulder and hastily exits. As he leaves, a yellow, long-nailed hand slowly reaches out of the hatch and struggles feebly for a purchase.*)

#### 9. A Shed.

(*Several laundry baskets are standing on the floor and, above them, there is a grime-encrusted skylight. There is a noise from above and the skylight is lifted.*)

the doctor: Not a sound... Now, quiet... Ssh!

(*First leela and then the doctor drop down onto the baskets. Getting to his feet, the doctor immediately trips over something. There is a loud clatter.*)

#### 10. Professor Litefoot's Dining Room.

(*litefoot is tidying up. He is busy sweeping up fragments of a broken figurine when there is a loud knock at the front door. He looks at the clock on the mantelpiece in some surprise and goes out to answer the door.*)

#### 11. Professor Litefoot's Hall.

(*litefoot opens the door. He is still holding a dustpan and brush. jago*

*pushes past him into the hall.)*

jago: Thank you. Kindly tell your employer that Mr. Jago wishes to see him urgently.  
litefoot: What?  
jago: Your employer. Professor Litefoot. Come along man, hurry! Chop-chop!  
litefoot: May I ask, sir, who you are?  
jago: Confound your insolence, sir. Just announce me!  
litefoot: Consider yourself announced, sir. I'm Litefoot!  
jago: Why, dash me optics! I should've realised - that brow, those hands. England's peerless, premier, professor of pathology.

*(He doffs his hat.)*

Henry Gordon Jago, sir, at your service!  
litefoot: Mr Jago... Just tell me what all this is about.  
jago: The Doctor.  
litefoot: What?  
jago: And this bag.  
litefoot: Eh?  
jago: Shall we go inside?

*(He taps his nose and winks confidentially.)*

## *12. Professor Litefoot's Dining Room.*

jago: I found this in my cellar. I thought the Doctor might be interested. It could have something to do with those Chinese.  
litefoot: Chinese?  
jago: Yes, I had thought of communicating directly with Scotland Yard, where, as you know, he is held in the highest esteem.  
litefoot: The Doctor is?  
jago: Oh yes, of course! It's my opinion he solves half their cases and then lets them take the credit for it. Don't you agree?  
litefoot: I've no idea.  
jago: Oh, why it stands to reason! I mean... They're policemen, and we all know... I mean they're solid sterling fellows, but their buttons are the brightest thing about 'em, don't you agree? Now, the Doctor's a real detective!  
litefoot: Yes, he's certainly very active. How did you learn of my connection with him,

Mr. Jago?

jago: Well, I enquired at the local station and they told me that you'd been seen together. The most formidable combination in the annals of criminology! It's a great honour and privilege for me to be working with you on this devilish affair.

litefoot: Oh! Oh... thank you. Yes well, I'm... I'm sure the Doctor will be very interested in these things! Unfortunately, he isn't here at present.

jago: Ha Ha! I know. The sleuth that never rests, eh?

litefoot: Yes, well he did remark that sleep is for tortoises. You know Mr. Jago, I can't for the life of me discern what purposes these articles might serve.

jago: Yes, it's a queer lot of paraphernalia. I thought so myself.

litefoot: And you think they were set aside by Weng-Chiang... this murderous lunatic the Doctor is now hunting?

jago: Well, they're nothing to do with the theatre, I'm sure of that. I found the bag amongst a pile of our old junk!

litefoot: In that case, Mr. Jago, is it not possible that someone plans to return for it?

jago: Ah yes, yes, good point! We must tell the Doctor.

litefoot: Or take a hand ourselves.

jago: What?

litefoot: Well, the Doctor isn't here! If you and I keep a discreet watch on the theatre, we might get the chance to nab this fellow, should he return.

jago: You're suggesting a pernoctation, Professor? Alas, unfortunately, the nocturnal vapours are very bad for my chest.

litefoot: Oh, come on man! You can wrap up... I'll lend you some extra clothing.

jago: Very kind, I'm sure.

litefoot: Now, you write a note to the Doctor. You'll find pen and paper in that drawer, and I'll look you out a cape.

*(litefoot picks up a walking stick that is more like a cudgel.)*

We might be lucky, Mr. Jago! And if we are, I've a few lumps to repay.

### *13. The Shed.*

*(the doctor pushes a large piece of paper under the inner door. He inserts an object into the lock and there is a clatter as something metallic drops to the floor outside. He pulls the paper back, with a key on it. He puts the key in the lock and turns it. The door creaks as he pushes it slowly open. leela tenses. They stare into the blackness.)*

14. *A Dormitory.*

leela: That smell... it's like decaying fruit!

the doctor: Papaver somniferum.

leela: What?

the doctor: Pipe of poppy... it's Opium, a narcotic drug.

*(They move silently forward through some curtains. There are signs of recent occupancy but now it appears to be deserted.)*

the doctor: Ah, they've found another warren! Weng-Chiang will show his hand again.

leela: More girls?

*(the doctor nods somberly.)*

the doctor: Yes. He'll try to build his body levels before he has to use the zygma beam. He'll kill again tonight... but where?

chang: At the House of the Dragon, Doctor.

*(They spin around. chang is propped up on a pile of cushions, a pale, shrunk shadow of his former self. His clothing is ripped and soaked with blood. He takes a languid inhalation from his opium-pipe.)*

the doctor: Good evening, Mr. Chang. We thought you had gone to join your ancestors!

chang: Not yet... not quite.

leela: Your leg...

chang: A singular sight, I fear. It is too late, Doctor. And I feel no pain. The opium...

leela: How did you get away?

chang: When the rat took my leg, I regained consciousness in a charnel house... putrefying human remains.

the doctor: Yes, rats don't keep a very hygienic larder!

chang: I lay there, Doctor, and cursed Weng-Chiang, my benefactor who had brought me to this fate. Hatred of him gave me the strength to drag myself away... the rats had gone. I came here to destroy the false god... the last act of the Great Chang...

leela: You should have done that before!

chang: I believed in him. For many years, I believed in him.

the doctor: It was a good act, Chang!

chang: Until he shamed me. I lost face. The whole theatre saw my failure...

the doctor: Tell me about the House of the Dragon.

chang: Next month, the Great Chang would have performed before the Queen

Empress... at Buckingham Palace... I, the son of a peasant...

the doctor: The House of the Dragon. Where is it?

*(With great difficulty, chang focuses on the doctor.)*

chang: It is his fortress, prepared over many months by the Tong. Beware the eye of the dragon, Doctor...

*(He closes his eyes. the doctor shakes him.)*

the doctor: Li H'sen! Come on. Come on!

chang: Soon, I shall join my ancestors... Already I can see them. They walk to greet me from the Palace of Jade! They are smiling and carrying gifts of fruit and flowers... Now I cross the golden bridge of the gods...

the doctor: Li H'sen! Come on, man, the house?

*(chang looks up at him and tries to speak. He chokes, rendering his words unintelligible to the doctor's ears.)*

What? What?

*(chang makes a last effort to speak, but nothing comes out. He clutches the doctor's foot and then slumps back, dead. the doctor rises and looks at leela.)*

Boot? Shoe? Spat?

leela: Earth?

the doctor: He's left us a Chinese puzzle! Come on.

### *15. The Dragon Room.*

*(greel is setting up a new distillation plant. mr. sin is slumped as before. ho and several other minions creep in and prostrate themselves.)*

greel: Well - where is it?

ho: Bag not there, Lord! It's gone.

greel: Gone?

ho: We look all places. Bag not there!

greel: You incompetent lice! You crawling, mindless dogs! That bag contained the key to the Time Cabinet. I must have it, do you understand? if I have to tear this accursed city apart, stone by stone!

*(He stops ranting, distracted by something he has seen through the window. He stares down at the pavement below.)*

Ho... were you followed?

ho: Followed, what?  
(greel points down.)

*16. Outside the House of the Dragon.*

(Across the street, rather obviously lurking beneath a gas lamp, are jago and professor litefoot.)

greel (oov): Those two, they must have been watching the theatre...

*17. The Dragon Room.*

greel: ... That means they have the bag. Bring them to me!  
(The coolies hurry out.)

*18. Outside the House of the Dragon.*

litefoot: This is their hideaway, no doubt about it.

jago: Yes. It's unfortunate there were too many of them for us to tackle, eh Professor?  
I was itching for a scrap!

litefoot: The question is, Mr. Jago, what now?

jago: Well, we could adjourn for liquid refreshment! Decorate the mahogany. I know a little spot not far from here...

litefoot: I think one of us should stay here on watch while the other returns for the Doctor.

jago: Good idea! I'll be as quick as I can...

litefoot: Too late, old man.

jago: Eh?

(He turns and sees the ring of Chinese moving out of the darkness.)

Oh, corks...!

litefoot: Backs to the wall!

(litefoot raises his stick and waits for the attack. jago lifts his fists, doing a fair imitation of a prize fighter.)

jago: Keep off, you lot! I'm a tiger when my dander's up...

*19. The Dragon Room.*



(professor litefoot *and* jago *are dragged into the room. They are brought before* greel, *who is stood next to* mr. sin.)

- greel: So! You choose to pry on the House of the Dragon. Unwise. Very unwise. You will suffer for it!
- litefoot: You're mistaken. You'll be the sufferer when the police get here!
- (greel *laughs cruelly.*)
- greel: The police? Do you hear that, Mr. Sin? They take me for a simpleton.
- jago: Oh, they'll be here, don't you worry. They can't be far behind!
- greel: You told them where you were coming?
- litefoot: Of course. We're not completely without sense!
- (greel *hits him in the face. litefoot staggers.*)
- greel: Lies! Stupid lies! You didn't know where you were going. You followed my men here from the theatre!
- litefoot: If that's what you choose to believe...
- greel: Why were you waiting at the theatre? Answer me! Why?
- (He *seizes* jago.)
- jago: Wh... why were we waiting at the theatre, Litefoot?
- litefoot: I refuse to answer.
- jago: There you are, you see! He refuses to answer.
- litefoot: You can do as you wish with us.
- jago: I say, steady on!
- greel: Very well, I will tell you why.
- (He *tightens his grip on* jago.)
- jago: Have a care...
- greel: You were waiting to see..
- (He *tightens his grip still further.*)
- jago: You don't know your own strength!
- greel: ... who came to collect the bag!
- (jago's *knees start to buckle.*)
- jago: You're choking me... to death!
- greel: Exactly!
- (He *continues to crush the life out of* jago.)

Now! Where is the bag now? What have you done with it?

litefoot: Let him go!

greel: The bag. Tell me...

litefoot: It's at my house. Now, for pity's sake, release him!

*(greel drops jago to the floor and moves away. litefoot bends over him in concern.)*

greel: You will die... later! Slowly. It will give pleasure to my wolves.

litefoot: You filthy bounder!

greel: In the meantime, put them with the other prisoners.

*(They are dragged away by greel's minions.)*

## *20. Professor Litefoot's Dining Room.*

*(the doctor enters.)*

the doctor: Litefoot? Litefoot!

*(He sees the note that has been left for him on top of the carpet bag. He goes over and quickly reads it.)*

the doctor: 'My dear Doctor, contained in this capacious carpet bag, which I have discovered, inadvertantly, in the cellars, a collection of numerous sundry items of baffling meaning..

*(He skips to the end of the note.)*

...The Professor and I are keeping observation on the theatre, and shortly hope to report to you the whereabouts of the mysterious Weng-Chiang. Your fellow detective, H.G.J.'

leela: What does that mean?

*(the doctor rummages through the bag. Finally, from near the bottom he pulls out a large pendant and stares at it in triumph.)*

the doctor: Ah!! Eureka!

*(He holds it for leela to see.)*

Do you know what that is?

leela: You ask me so that you can tell me.

the doctor: That's right! It's a trionic lattice - an integral part of a Time Cabinet! It's impossible to open it without it.

leela: You mean it's a key?

the doctor: Yes. He's not only a scientific fool, he's an absent-minded one!

leela: Perhaps he has another eureka?

the doctor: No... 'Eureka' is Greek for 'This bath is too hot'! There can never be another one of this combination.

leela: That means he's gone to the theatre. Come on!

the doctor: Hold it!

leela: But, Doctor, Professor Litefoot and Mr. Jago are our friends! We must help them. You know what will happen if Weng-Chiang finds them.

the doctor: I do.

leela: Well?

*(He points to the ashes in the fireplace.)*

the doctor: Look... Litefoot lights a good fire. He's been out of the house a long time. We can't go just rushing all over London looking for him! It's much better to wait, for Weng-Chiang to come here.

leela: Well... we know he already has the Cabinet.

the doctor: Yes, but he doesn't have the key. Always stay one step ahead of your enemies, my girl.

leela: You mean when he finds the key is missing, and that Professor Litefoot and Mr. Jago are keeping watch, he will force them to tell him where it is?

the doctor: You're learning to think. That's excellent!

leela: And you thought of that all at once, Doctor?

the doctor: Well, almost.

leela: Then... I am sorry.

the doctor: What for?

leela: For thinking that perhaps you were afraid.

the doctor: That's all right.

leela: Where shall we lay our ambush?

the doctor: What?

leela: Ambush! It's time we did battle with this underground crab, Doctor.

*(As she speaks, she is busily sharpening her knife.)*

## 21. A Lock-Up.

*(Two women lie on a bunk by the wall. professor litefoot is examining them.)*

jago: Are they dead?  
(litefoot *shakes his head.*)

litefoot: Drugged, I think. You know why they're here?

jago: Poor creatures. They can't be a day over sixteen!

litefoot: He must send his fiends to kidnap them off the streets.

jago: Oh, this is a nightmare! What can we do for them?

litefoot: No more than we can do for ourselves. At least they'll die quickly!

jago: He must be the Devil Incarnate.

litefoot: What unspeakable horror lies behind that mask, do you suppose?

jago: Well, he's not exactly a dolly-masher with it, is he?

litefoot: Damn it, Jago, I don't see any way out of this! I think we're done for.

jago: You're forgetting the Doctor, Professor.

litefoot: There's no hope of him finding this place. How can he?

jago: Oh, the trained mind. A fleck of mud here, a speck of paint there - clues that speak volumes to a trained investigator like him. I'll wager he's on our tracks this very minute!

litefoot: I say Jago, look at this!  
(litefoot *indicates one of the room's fittings.*)

jago: Well, what of it?

litefoot: Don't you see what it is? It's a Dumb Waiter!

jago: Yes, of course, I know that, but frankly I'm not very peckish at the moment. I'm surprised you should think of food at a time like this.

litefoot: Great damn, man, I'm not thinking of food! I'm thinking that, if we take that shelf out and squeeze ourselves in, we can make a surreptitious exit from this establishment, via the dining room.

jago: By Jiminey, you're right! Ha ha! We'll teach those blighters a lesson yet. They picked the wrong man when they decided to cross swords with me!

litefoot: After you, Mr. Jago.

jago: Oh, those... those ropes don't look too sound, do they?

jago: 'He that is down need fear no fall.'

jago: Hm?

litefoot: A quotation. Bunyan.

jago: Oh, very comforting.

litefoot: Right. Come on then. OK? All right.  
*(They enter the dumb waiter.)*

jago (oov): Mind me elbow, Professor!  
*(There is much grunting and groaning before the two men emerge into the room above.)*

## 22. The Dragon Hall.

*(jago and litefoot creep forward across the dark room.)*

jago: This isn't the dining room!

litefoot: This isn't the way out either.

*(Suddenly they are surrounded by greel's men.)*

## 23. Professor Litefoot's Hall.

*(the doctor and leela enter from the direction of the kitchen, on their way back to the dining room.)*

leela: We must trap them in the crossfire, Doctor, somewhere in the open where they cannot find cover!

*(They carry on out of the hall.)*

## 24. Professor Litefoot's Dining Room.

*(As they enter, the doctor puts down the cricket bat and bag of golf-clubs that he is carrying.)*

the doctor: What sort of crossfire - hazel nuts? Bread pellets?

leela: In a house this size, there must be protection! The Professor will have weapons in fixed positions to guard the approaches.

the doctor: I've brought you to the wrong time, my girl! You'd have loved Agincourt.

*(He goes out of the room. leela picks up the cricket bat and swings it like a sword. She puts it back on the table and examines a golf club. She weighs it like a javelin, on her shoulder, and backs across the room. Behind her, a long-nailed hand holding a pad appears from between the curtains. As leela backs towards it, the hand snakes out and firmly presses the pad over leela's mouth. She gasps and pulls away from the curtains, dragging greel with her. She struggles desperately but the chloroform on the pad swiftly numbs her senses. In a last effort, she claws at his face. The leather mask tears away in her hand. She stares at him in terror. The face of greel*

*is at last revealed: a distorted jumble of features with eyes, nose, mouth compressed gruesomely and set into hideous flesh!)*

# EPISODE SIX

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the doctor: There's a Boot Court near the river, less than a mile from here, look!

*(the doctor sits down as he says this and, looking up, suddenly realises that it is greel who is sitting next to him, rather than leela.*

Oh! You let yourself in! That's good, we were expecting you.

*(the doctor glances round - more Chinese are standing in the doorway behind him. mr. sin waddles forward behind greel.)*

greel: No, Doctor. It is we who were expecting you.

the doctor: Life's full of little surprises!  
*(He sees leela on the floor.)*  
What have you done to her?

greel: Nothing... yet!

the doctor: Take my advice. Don't!

greel: Your advice...  
*(He laughs.)*  
Oh Doctor, you are an unusual man, but in opposing me you have gone far out of your depth. You have taken something from me. I want it back!

the doctor: Now, I wonder what could that be? I'm always borrowing things from people and then forgetting where I put them.  
*(He starts emptying his pockets.)*  
It's a terrible habit!

greel: I have never appreciated frivolity. It was in that bag. It is not there now. Give it to me!

the doctor: *(holding a jelly baby)* What, one of these?

greel: The Time Key, Doctor!

the doctor: Oh, the Time Key? Now, Heavens-to-Betsy, where did I last see that?

greel: I'll give you three seconds, Doctor, and then Mr. Sin will kill the girl! One... Two...  
*(mr. sin moves forward, knife in hand. he holds leela for the knife-thrust. the doctor stares.)*  
Three... Kill her!  
*(As mr. sin moves to strike, the doctor casually produces the Time Key.)*  
Stop!  
*(mr. sin stops.)*

the doctor: Is this what you want - the trionic lattice?  
*(the doctor tosses the key nonchalantly in the air.)*

greel: Ah! Give it to me!

the doctor: Careful. Careful! I might have dropped it.

greel: I'll kill you!

the doctor: Crystalline. Probably break into a thousand pieces.

greel: You arrogant jackanapes!



the doctor: When I'm crowded, I get nervous. Call your dogs off!

greel: Back! Back!

*(He waves the Chinese away.)*

the doctor: That's better.

greel: Give me that key and I will spare her life.

the doctor: Never trust a man with dirty fingernails!

greel: You can trust me to kill her if you do not immediately put it down. Now obey me at once!

the doctor: I tell you what, I'll make a bargain with you. You can have the trionic lattice... when we get to the House of the Dragon.

greel: What trickery is this?

the doctor: No trickery, you're holding two other of my friends.

greel: What of them?

the doctor: I want them released.

greel: Two blundering dolts - why?

the doctor: I doubt if you could understand that. But that's the condition.

greel: Very well, they are nothing to me.

the doctor: Good! Right, then you and your chaps can lead the way, and I'll follow.

greel: Bring the girl.

the doctor: No! The girl stays.

greel: You would be wise not to press me too far.

the doctor: Just lead on.

*(greel turns towards the door.)*

greel: Come!

*(He exits, followed by his minions. the doctor follows cautiously. Behind him, leela pulls herself to her feet. It is obvious that she has been faking unconsciousness for much of the time. Still feeling the effects of the chloroform, she staggers slightly, but sets off after the others.)*

### 3. The Lock-Up.

*(jago squats against the wall. litefoot is listening at the door.)*

jago: What's the matter?

litefoot: Heard something.

jago: What sort of thing?

litefoot: People. Quite a group just went by. More Wongs for the Tong, I suppose.  
*(He glances at his watch.)*

Do you realise we've been here over an hour?

litefoot: It'll be dawn soon.

jago: What does that signify?

litefoot: I'm not aware it signifies anything! It was just a remark.

jago: I thought perhaps they might... *do* things at dawn.

litefoot: Do things? What sort of things?

jago: You know. Sacrifice their victims!

litefoot: You're thinking of the Druids, aren't you? I'm not aware of the Chinese making a ceremony of it.

jago: Oh, good! I don't think I could stomach that. It's been worrying me somewhat.

litefoot: Best not to think about it.

jago: I can't help it. Beastly heathens! That's my trouble, Litefoot.

litefoot: What?

jago: Well, I'm not awfully... well, I'm not so bally brave when it comes to it. I try to be... but I'm not.

litefoot: When it comes to it, I don't suppose anybody is.

jago: Well I thought I ought to tell you, anyway... in case I let the side down.

litefoot: You won't, Henry. I know you won't!

#### *4. The Dragon Room.*

greel: Fetch the prisoners here.  
*(The minions leave. greel sits mr. sin down beneath the ornate dragon statue which dominates the room. the doctor is busy studying his new surroundings.)*

the doctor: Very impressive! I'll have the bird's nest soup.

greel: What?

the doctor: Well, isn't this where you do the cooking?  
*(greel has moved so that his body blocks the doctor's view of mr. sin. The mannequin begins to move and climbs into the dragon.)*

greel: How can you understand the functions of a catalytic extraction chamber,

Doctor? Part of a technology far beyond your time.

the doctor: Simple, old-fashioned cannibalism. That machine just saves you having to chew the gristly bits.

greel: Much more than that. The secret of life...

the doctor: Bunkum! Your so called technology is the twisted lunacy of a scientific dark age!

*(greel comes forward, suddenly curious.)*

greel: What do you know of my time?

the doctor: Everything...

*(He suddenly realises that mr. sin is nowhere to be seen.)*

Where is it?

greel: What?

the doctor: Your pig-faced, pig-brained, Peking homunculus!

greel: You know of that? How?

*(As they talk, they are making alternate moves on an ornate Chinese chessboard. mr. sin is otherwise occupied. He is about to swing the laser-weapon eyes of the dragon round on to its target - the doctor. The dragon's eyes begin to flash on and off.)*

the doctor: I was with the Filipino army at the final advance on Reykjavik.

greel: How can you, in the nineteenth century, know anything of the fifty-first? You lie!

the doctor: Listen, What's-your-name... what were you called before you became a Chinese god?

greel: I am Magnus Greel.

*(the doctor stares at him, evidently shaken by this revelation.)*

the doctor: Oh yes... the infamous Minister of Justice.. the Butcher of Brisbane! Checkmate.

greel: Oh, it is impossible for you to know these things!

the doctor: I know you're a wanted criminal... and that a hundred thousand deaths can be laid at your door.

greel: Enemies of the State. They were used in the advancements of science.

the doctor: They were slaughtered... in your filthy machine!

greel: So, you are from the future! And I, for all my achievements, am only remembered as a war criminal. Oh, of course, it is the winning side that writes history, Doctor. But remember, you would not be here if it were not for my work.

*(Inside the dragon, mr. sin is making final adjustments.)*

the doctor: Your work? Your work?

*(greel moves towards the Time Cabinet, which is standing in a corner of the room. Inside the dragon, mr. sin is keeping the lasers trained on the doctor.)*

greel: Yes, I made this possible. I found the resources, the scientists...

the doctor: The zygma experiments came to nothing. They were a failure! Nothing came of them!

greel: No. No! They were a success. Why, I used them to escape from my enemies. The first man to travel through Time!

the doctor: Mmm! Look what it did to you.

greel: A temporal distortion of my metabolism. It can be readjusted.

*(professor litefoot and jago are ushered in.)*

litefoot: Doctor!

the doctor: Good morning, gentlemen.

*(jago and litefoot greet the doctor triumphantly.)*

jago: By Jingo, didn't I tell you?

*(He turns triumphantly to greel.)*

The game's up, my friend. We have the place surrounded.

the doctor: Now then, Jago, Jago, Jago! We don't have the place surrounded. We just have an understanding.

jago: Understanding?

the doctor: Yes.

greel: I have kept my word, Doctor. Now, give me the key!

the doctor: Only when they're well clear of this place.

*(He looks at the two men.)*

Off you go, now. Hurry!

litefoot: Doctor, there are two others here - two wretched girls!

the doctor: Then take them with you.

greel: Your demands are becoming too great.

*(greel gives a signal. There is a crackle, green lightning stabs from the dragon's eyes and the doctor is flung to the floor. greel steps over the doctor before mr. sin has the chance to fire a second time.)*

Enough! I want him alive!

*(the doctor rolls over, ashen-faced, as litefoot bends anxiously over him.)*

the doctor: Beware the eye... of the dragon.

litefoot: Doctor, are you hurt?

*(the doctor loses consciousness. greel snaps at the awe-struck Chinese.)*

greel: Take them out! Get these stinking heaps of rubbish out of here!

### *5. The Dragon Hall.*

*(One of greel's slaves walks down the hall. leela swings out from hiding and grabs him in a neck-lock. She pulls him back into a curtained alcove. The curtains are agitated for a moment and then hang still. leela steps out into the hall again and moves off.)*

### *6. The Dragon Room.*

*(mr. sin is still in the dragon. He swivels the laser sights to follow greel across the room. greel sets the Time Key into the cabinet and the area surrounding the key begins to pulsate.)*

greel: Perfect. Perfect! After all these years, the function is unimpaired!

*(He turns the pendant. The door opens. greel peers inside.)*

Everything exactly as it was... The parallax synchrone's fully charged. The stretcher tube's set at maximum.

*(He laughs maniacally.)*

He was wrong. Wrong! The zygma experiment was a success!

### *7. The Lock-Up.*

*(the doctor is lying on the floor, still unconscious. professor litefoot examines him as jago watches anxiously.)*

litefoot: Curious double heart-beat... otherwise, everything seems in order!

jago: If only we knew what that fiendish device was that struck him down. From behind, mark you...

litefoot: Sssh! I think he's trying to say something.

*(They bend lower. the doctor mutters something they can barely hear.)*

the doctor: There's a one-eyed yellow idol to the north of Katmandu... there's a little marble cross below the town...

litefoot: Kipling.

the doctor: Harry Champion, 1920.  
(the doctor's eyes open. He stares dazedly at them.)

litefoot: Doctor, are you all right?

jago: What an iron constitution!

the doctor: Who's got the key?

litefoot: Greel.

the doctor: How long have I been unconscious?

litefoot: Only a few minutes.  
(the doctor gets to his feet and checks the condition of the two women.)

the doctor: The broth of oblivion.

jago: What's that?

the doctor: Chinese soup. He'll be coming for them soon.

litefoot: Well, surely there must be something we can do for them?

the doctor: There's always something we can do. Get them over there, against the wall.  
Come on...

(litefoot and jago drag the two bodies over to where the doctor has indicated.)

jago: They're armed to the teeth, those Wong fellows. Knives, guns, everything!

litefoot: Jago's right. We've had it. We can do nothing!  
(the doctor examines the covering on the bed. He starts to strip it off.)

the doctor: Excellent. This is good strong linen. It should do fine.  
(He turns to jago and litefoot.)

Well, don't just stand there wasting time! Get me a bucket of water... and break off that gas pipe!

(He indicates the gas lamp on the wall. They begin to catch on.)

#### 8. The Dragon Room.

greel: (greel makes some final adjustments to his apparatus.)

Almost ready... yes... time to prepare my two partridges..  
(He goes over to the dragon.)

Why don't you come down from there? Sulking because I wouldn't let you kill the Doctor, is that it? Oh you can kill him soon enough, Sin, but first I must drain every scintilla of his knowledge about the zygma experiment...

*(Engrossed in his plans, greel fails to see leela enter stealthily, holding a knife in her hand.)*

You can kill him then - and as many more as you wish before we leave. All I need is to reestablish my proteinoid balance... then I can enter the zygma beam for the second time... only this time there must be no mistake in the programmed DNA levels. Now, for my two partridges...

*(He strikes an ornate gong, twice, laughing maniacally as he does so. Suddenly his laughter quickly turns to dismay as leela jumps on him.)*

leela: Die, bent-face!

*(They crash to the floor; leela uppermost. There is no chance for mr. sin to get a clear shot. greel struggles to hold back leela's knife arm; but she forces the blade slowly, relentlessly, towards his throat.)*

greel: No! Spare me. Please...

leela: Spawn of evil! Now, I destroy you!

*(Suddenly greel's minions burst in. leela is dragged from greel and, with all three of them holding her, she is gradually subdued. Gasping for breath, greel staggers to his feet. He seizes leela's knife from the floor.)*

greel: The second time... the second attempt on my life by this she-devil! Hold her still!

*(greel is about to kill her but, suddenly, thinks again. He throws away the knife.)*

No... No, I have a better fate for you! She will be the first morsel to feed my regeneration...

leela: Kill me any way you wish! Unlike you, I am not afraid to die.

greel: We shall see. Bring the tigress here! At my camps, the extraction process was considered the most painful of all. They pleaded for anything but this!

*(She is fastened into the machine by greel's slaves.)*

leela: I shall not plead. But I promise you this. When we are both in the Great Hereafter I shall hunt you down, bent-face, and put you through my agony a thousand times!

greel: Silence the spit-fire!

*(leela chokes as a gag is thrust into her mouth.)*

Now bring the other two hags here!

## 9. The Lock-Up.

*(It is still dark. The lamp is out. The mattress cover is against the door.*

*Gas hisses into it from the broken pipe. The men stand, admiring their handiwork. The two women are now conscious but still dazed. They are crouched down behind the bed which has been tipped on its side to form a shelter against the far wall.)*

jago: Oh, it's leaking! I can smell it.

litefoot: Well, bound to be some escape.

the doctor: Not enough to worry about!

jago: I'm not worried, Doctor. Haven't been worried since you turned up. It's just that I'd hate to be gassed before seeing if this stunt works.

the doctor: Greel won't keep us waiting long. He needs his proteinoids.

litefoot: His what?

the doctor: He is dying, do you see? He is desperate. His body is fading away fast. He is trying to cheat death by substituting certain materials, you understand?

litefoot: I think so. The principle, anyway.

the doctor: The principle is false, anyhow. All he achieves is a postponement of the inevitable.

*(Voices can be heard approaching the door.)*

jago: Sssh!

the doctor: Lucifers, Professor! Quick, get over there! Now listen... if we do manage to get out of here, don't stop running 'til you're a mile from this place!

*(The women nod. the doctor crosses back to the mattress and lights the fuse, a bundle of old newspapers. jago whispers nervously.)*

jago: Up troops and at 'em, eh Professor?

*(A key rattles in the lock. Bolts are drawn. Suddenly the door vanishes in a sheet of flame.)*

#### *10. The Dragon.*

*(All of the Chinese are either dead or rolling about in agony. the doctor, jago and litefoot all sprint past them. The two women follow.)*

the doctor: Come on! Come on!

#### *11. The Dragon Room.*

greel: *(leela is still in the distillation machine. greel has heard the explosion.)*

Whatever it was, there can be no escape for you. Let the talons of Weng-Chiang



shred your flesh!

*(greel pulls a lever. Suddenly, the door bursts open and the doctor rushes in, sizing up the position in an instant.)*

the doctor: Greel!

*(He flings a Tong hatchet that he has picked up. It buries itself in the control box of greel's machine. There is a flash and a loud bang. greel snatches his hand away in agony. the doctor races to the extraction chamber to release leela just as litefoot and jago appear in the doorway. greel makes a run for it.)*

greel: Kill, Sin! Kill them.

the doctor: Come on, quick! Get down. Get down!

*(He drags leela from the box and ducks behind the bench as mr. sin opens fire. jago and litefoot crawl over. For a moment, the air overhead is filled with the sizzle and crash of laser bolts. Then mr. sin holds his fire. In the dragon, he crouches alertly, waiting for a target. greel is hunched behind the plinth on which the dragon stands.)*

leela: I owe you my life, Doctor. Thank you!

jago: Time to thank him when we're out of this.

greel: Doctor, I offer you a proposition.

the doctor: Not now Greel, we're busy!

greel: I will spare your lives - you and your friends - if you leave now.

the doctor: Well, that's very magnanimous of you, Magnus!

greel: Then get up and leave.

the doctor: What? With your trigger-happy little friend out there? No thanks.

greel: I am offering you your lives, you fools!

*(the doctor looks at the others to confer with them and shakes his head.)*

the doctor: We'd be cut down before we reached the door.

leela: I think so, too! He has no truth in him.

the doctor: Let's see.

*(He raises his head above the table, and immediately ducks down again as mr. sin fires at him.)*

Ah... we're staying put, Magnus!

greel: Then you'll die here. All of you!

the doctor: Well, you might die first, Magnus. You don't sound too well... And your food supply is half way to Blackheath by now.

greel: Sin! Cut that bench away.

litefoot: If I only had a gun, Doctor.

jago: Or a catapult. I was a dab hand with a catapult when I was a nipper.

*(A laser bolt strikes the bench. the doctor ducks as a section of burning wood falls to the floor. mr. sin fires again, this time slicing through an end support. The bench sags.)*

litefoot: What is that weapon?

the doctor: It's a laser beam.

jago: It's a death ray.

*(Another bolt hits. More burning wood falls to the floor.)*

leela: Doctor, he's diminishing our cover.

the doctor: Yes... push!

*(He motions for the others to help him push the bench over onto its side.)*

greel: Hurry, Sin! Hurry!

*(greel is racked by a spasm of pain, and gasps, clutching at his chest.)*

There is little time left to me..

*(Suddenly several of greel's minions spill into the doorway, guns in hand. mr. sin spins the laser's sights round, and fires at them, laughing as he does so. They fall screaming to the ground, as greel hammers on the side of the dragon.)*

No, Sin! You fool - stop! Stop! Obey me, Sin! Obey me, your master. I command you!

*(mr. sin ignores him and fires another bolt. jago flinches.)*

jago: Jiminey! I felt the heat of that one!

*(leela nudges him and nods towards the body of one of the Chinese. A heavy revolver lies on the floor next to it. jago shakes his head doubtfully.)*

No chance, my dear.

leela: He cannot fire at two objects at once.

jago: You mean, if one of us creates a distraction, while you go for the gun.

leela: That's right! Me, because I am quicker.

*(the doctor and litefoot are supporting what is left of the bench.)*

litefoot: Another minute or so and we're done!

*(jago jumps up from behind the bench as leela dives for the gun.)*

jago: I say, I say, I say...

*(He hits the ground as a bolt sizzles overhead, missing him by a whisker.)*

A funny thing... happened to me... has she got the gun?

*(leela bobs round the side of a Chinese coffer and fires the gun. They all duck.)*

litefoot: Hey! Who are you shooting at?

leela: I've never fired one of these before.

*(She fires again. mr. sin spins the dragon round and fires at the coffer.)*

litefoot: Got 'em rattled anyway!

*(greel has left the shelter of the dragon. From their vantage point, they can see his legs dragging across the floor.)*

the doctor: It's no good, Greel - you're finished!

*(greel is clawing his way feebly towards the cabinet. He snarls back defiantly.)*

greel: I can escape you, Doctor... as I escaped my enemies before.

the doctor: Greel, listen... if you activate the zygma beam, it'll be certain death for all of us.

greel: Lies, Doctor!

*(greel, opens the cabinet.)*

the doctor: Listen, Greel! Greel, listen! The zygma beam is at full stretch. If you trigger it again, it will mean certain collapse! You know what that means'?

*(mr. sin is listening to this.)*

greel: You can't fool me!

the doctor: There'll be a huge implosion, Greel, and you'll be at the centre of it. The zygma experiments were a disaster!

greel: No, no! The zygma experiment was a success - a brilliant, total success!

*(As he turns to enter the cabinet, he sees the eyes of the dragon swivelling down towards him.)*

Sin! Sin, what are you doing? I order you to.. no, no not me! This is mutiny, Sin!

*(greel drops to the ground as mr. sin fires at him. leela runs forward and pumps several shots into the head of the dragon. greel produces a gun and aims at her but, before he can fire it, the doctor grabs his hand. They grapple with each other and the doctor throws greel into the distillation machine, which activates.)*

leela: Is bent-face dead?

litefoot: Why do you call him bent-face?

leela: Because it is!

*(litefoot reaches for the leather mask that cover's greel's features.)*

No, don't Professor.

*(litefoot straightens.)*

litefoot: Why not?

*(greel's body is disintegrating.)*

the doctor: Cellular collapse.

litefoot: In all my years as a pathologist, I've... I've never seen anything like it.

the doctor: Well let's hope you never see anything like it again, Professor!

jago: But where was he from? Where did he go?

the doctor: He was a foe from the future, Henry!

*(He catches a glimpse of something falling from above and shouts a warning.)*

Look out Leela!

*(mr. sin drops onto leela's shoulders, knife in hand. the doctor pulls him off and tries desperately to avoid the evil mannequin's knife. jago and litefoot grab at him and litefoot staggers back, blood pouring from his arm. the doctor finally manages to throw the dummy to the floor and pulls a small metal tube from a cavity in its back. It immediately goes limp.)*

jago: What's that?

the doctor: It's his fuse, Henry.

*(the doctor takes the pendant from its place in the cabinet side.)*

leela: What are you doing, Doctor?

the doctor: I'm bringing the zygma experiment to an end...

*(He places the pendant on the floor and crushes it with his foot.)*

Listen.

*(From outside, a distant but familiar cry can be heard.)*

The Muffin Man. Come on. I'll buy you some muffins!

*12. A Street (Dawn).*

*(leela and professor litefoot are busy munching muffins.)*

litefoot: And then, for example, I would say, "One lump or two, Miss Leela?", to which you would reply, "One will suffice, thank you". Now do you follow?

leela: Supposing I want two?

litefoot: No, no, no, no, no. One lump for ladies!

leela: Then why do you ask me?

(litefoot *stares at her, stumped for an answer.*)

the doctor (oov): Come along, Leela!

(jago and the doctor are standing by the TARDIS, as leela and professor litefoot arrive.)

leela: Professor Litefoot has been explaining to me about tea.

the doctor: Really?

leela: It's very complicated.

the doctor: No, it's not complicated at all. All you... look, I haven't got time to stand here discussing tea. Goodbye, Litefoot!

litefoot: Goodbye, Doctor.

the doctor: It's been such fun, Henry?

jago: Goodbye!

(jago and litefoot watch as the doctor and leela step into the TARDIS.)

the doctor (oov): Yes, the important thing is just warming the pot.

leela (oov): What pot?

the doctor (oov): Well the tea pot.

litefoot: What exactly is that contraption?

jago: It's his personal transport. Look - 'Police'.

litefoot: Extraordinary!

jago: No doubt Scotland Yard provided it for him.

(jago moves back as he hears the familiar sound of the TARDIS about to dematerialise. As it fades away, they both stare in complete bewilderment.)

litefoot: I don't believe it!

jago: I've said it before, and I'll say it again. Our policemen are wonderful!

litefoot: But it's impossible, Henry. Quite impossible!

jago: Good trick, eh?

(He glances at the wall.)

I venture the great Li H'sen Chang himself would have appreciated that.

(From a theatre poster behind them, the impassive face of li h'sen chang stares down.)